

WORKS

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DEBORAH'S DIARY,

A FRAGMENT.

Bunhill Fields,

Feb. 17, 1665.

1665.

Feb. 17.

* * * * Something geniall and
foothing beyond ordinarie in the
Warmth and fitfulle Lighte of the
Fire, made us delaye, I know not
how long, to trim the Evening
Lamp, and fitt mizing in Idle-
nesse about the Hearth; *Mary* re-
volving her Thumbs and staring

1665.

at the Embers; *Anne* quite in the Shadowe, with her Arms behind her Head agaynst the Wall; Father in his tall Arm-chair, quite uprighte, as his Fashion is when very thought-fulle; I on the Cushion at his Feet, with mine Head on's Knee and mine Eyes on his Shadowe on the Wall, which, as it happened, shewed in colossai Proportions, while ours were like Pigmies. Alle at once he exclaims, "We all seem very comfortable—I think we shoulde reward ourselves with some Egg-flip!"

And then offered us Pence for our Thoughts. *Anne* would not tell

tell hers; *Mary* owned she had beene trying to account for the Deficiencie of a Groat in her house-keeping Purse; and I confest to such a Medley, that Father sayd I deserved *Anne's* Penny in addition to mine own, for my Strength of Mind in submitting such a Farrago of Nonsense to the Ridicule of my Friends.

Soe then I bade for his Thoughts, and he sayd he had beene questioning the Cricket on the Hearth, upon the Extinction of the Fairies; and I aikt, Did anie believe in 'em now? and he made Answer, Oh, yes, he had known a Serving-Wench in
Oxon

1665.

1665.

Oxon depone she had beene nipped and haled by 'em; and, of Crickets, he sayd he had manie Times seene an old Wife in *Buckinghamshire*, who was soe pestered by one, that she cried, "I can't heare myself talk! I'd as lief heare Nought as "heare thee;" soe poured a Kettle of boiling Water into the Cranny wherein the harmlesse Creature lay, and scalded it to Death; and, the next Day, became as deaf as a Stone, and remained soe ever after, a Monument of God's Displeasure, at her destroying one of the most innocent of His Creatures.

After this, he woulde tell us of
this

1665.

this and that worn-out Superstition, as o' the Friar's Lantern, and of Lob-lie-by-the-Fire, untill *Mary*, who affects not the Unreall, went off to make the Flip. *Anne* presentlie exclaimed, "Father! when
"you sayd—

'The Shepherds on the Lawn,
'Or e'er the Point of Dawn,
'Sat simply chatting in a rustic
'Row,
'Full little thought they then
'That the mighty Pan
'Was kindly come to live with them
'below,'

"whom meant you by *Pan*? Sure,
"you

1665.

“you would not call our Lord by
“the Name of a heathen Deity?”

“Well, Child,” returns Father,
“you know He calls Himself a
“Shepherd, and was in truth what
“*Pan* was onlie supposed to be,
“the God of Shepherds; albeit *La-*
“*vaterus*, in his Treatise *De Le-*
“*muribus*, doth indeede tell us, that
“by *Pan* some understoode noe
“other than the great *Sathanas*,
“whose Kingdom being overturned
“at *Christ's* Coming, his inferior
“Demons expelled, and his Oracles
“silenced, he in some sort was him-
“self overthrown. And the Story
“goes, that, about the Time of our
“Lord's

1665.

“Lord’s Passion, certain Persons
“sailing from *Italy* to *Cyprus*, and
“passing by certayn Islands, did
“heare a Voice calling aloud, *Tha-*
“*mus*, *Thamus*, which was the
“Name of the Ship’s Pilot, who,
“making Answer to the unseene
“Appellant, was bidden, when he
“came to *Palodas*, to tell that the
“great God *Pan* was dead; which
“he doubting to doe, yet for that
“when he came to *Palodas*, there
“fuddainlie was such a Calm of
“Wind that the Ship stooode still
“in the Sea, he was constrayned
“to cry aloud that *Pan* was dead;
“whereupon there were hearde
“such

1665.

“such piteous Shrieks and Cries
“of invifible Beings, echoing from
“haunted Spring and Dale, as ne’er
“fmote human Ears before nor
“fince: Nymphs and Wood-Gods,
“or they that had paffed for fuch,
“breaking up Houfe and retreating
“to their own Place. I warrant
“you, there was Trouble among
“the Sylvan People that Day—
“Satyrs hirsute and cloven-footed
“Fauns.

“* * * * Many a Time and
“oft have *Charles Diodati* and I dif-
“cufft fond Legends, fuch as this,
“over our Winter Hearth; with our
“Chefnuts blackening and crackling
“on

“on the Hob, and our o’er-ripe
“Pears sputtering in the Fire, while
“the Wind raved without among
“the creaking Elms. * * * *”

1665.

Father still hammering on old
Times, and his owne young Days,
I beganne to frame unto myself an
Image of what he might then have
beene; piecing it out by Help of
his Picture on the Wall; but could
get no cleare Apprehension of my
Mother, she dying soe untimelie.
Askt him, Was she beautifulle? He
sayth, Oh yes, and clouded over o’
the fuddain; then went over her
Height, Size, and Colour, etc.; dwelt
on the Generalls of personal Beauty,
how

1665. how it shadowed forth the Mind,
was desirable or dangerous, etc.

On disperſing for the Night, he
noted, ſomewhat hurt, *Anne's* abrupt
Departure without kiſſing his Hand,
and ſayd, “Is ſhe ſulky or unwell?”

In our Chamber, found her al-
readie half undreſt, a reading of her
Bible; ſayd, “Father tooke your
“brieſe Good-nighte amiſſe.” She
made Anſwer ſhortlie, “Well, what
“neede to marvell; he cannot put
“his Arm about me without being
“reminded how miſ-ſhapen I am.”

Poor *Nan*! we had been ſpeaking
of faire Proportions, and had thought-
leſſly cut her to the Quick; yet
Father

Father *knoweth*, though he cannot *see*, that her Face is that of an Angel.

1665.

About One o' the Clock, was roused (though *Anne* continued sleeping soundly) by hearing Father give his three Signal-taps agaynst the Wall. Half drest, and with bare Feet thrust into Slippers, I hastily ran in to him; he cried, "*Deb*, for the Love of Heaven get Pen and Paper to sett Something down." I replied, "Sure, Father, you gave me quite a Turn; I thought you were ill," and sett to my Task, marvellous ill-conditioned, expecting some Crotchet
had

1665.

had taken him concerning his Will.

'Steade of which, out comes a Volley of Poetry he had lain a brewing till his Brain was like to burst; and foe I, in my thin Night Cotes, must needs jot it all down, for Feare it should ooze away before Morning. Sure, I thought he never would get to the End, and really feared at firste he was crazing a little, but indeede all Poets doe when the Vein is on 'em. At length, with a Sigh of Relief, he says, "That will doe—Good-night, "little Maid." I coulde not help saying, "'Twas a lucky Thing for "you, Father, that Step-mother was
"from

“from Home;” he laught, drew me to him, kiffed me, and fayd, “Why, “your Face is quite cold—are your “Feet unflipped?”

“Unstockinged,” I replied.

“I am quite concerned I knew it “not sooner,” he rejoyned, in an Accent of fuch Kindneffe, that all my Vexation melted away, and I e’en protested I did not mind it a Bit.

“Since it is foe,” quoth he, “I “fhall the lefs mind having Recourfe “to you agayn; onlie I muft infift “on your taking Care to wrap “yourself up more warmly, fince “you need not feare my being “ill.”

1665.

I bit my Lip, and onlie faying Good-night, stole off to my warm Bed.

Returning from Morning Prayers with *Anne* this Forenoon, I found *Mary* mending a Pen with the utmost Imperturbabilitie, and Father with a Heat-spot on his Cheek, which betrayed some Inquietation. Being presentlie alone with him, “*Mary* is irretrievably heavy,” sighs he, “she would let the finest Thought escape one while she is blowing her Nose or brushing up the Cinders. “I am confident she has beene writing Nonsense even now—Do run
“through

“through it for me, *Deb*, and lett
“me heare what it is.”

1665.

I went on, enough to his Satisfac-
tion, till coming to

“*Bring to their Sweetness no Sobriety.*”

“Sobriety?” interrupted he, “Sa-
“tiety, Satiety! the Blockhead!—and
“that I should live to call a Woman
“foe.—Sobriety, indeede! poor *Mary*,
“her Wits must have been wool-
“gathering. ‘Bring to their Sweet-
“ness no Sobriety!’ What Mean-
“ing coulde she possibly affix to such
“Folly?”

“Sure, Father,” sayd I, “here’s
“Enough that she could affix no
“Meaning

1665.

“Meaning to, nor I neither, with-
“out your condescending to explain
“it — Cycle, Epicycle, nocturnal
“Rhomb.”

“Well, well,” returned he, be-
ginning to smile, “’twas unlikely she
“shoulde be with such Discourse de-
“lighted. Not capable, alas! poor
“*Mary’s* Ear, of what is high. And
“yet, thy Mother, Child, woulde
“have stretched up towards Truths,
“though beyond her Reach, yet to
“the inquiring Mind offering rich
“Repast. And now write Satiety
“for Sobriety, if you love me.”

While erasing the obnoxious
Word, I cried, “Dear Father, pray
“answer

“ answer me one Question—What is
“ a Rhomb ?”

1665.

“ A Rhomb, Child ?” repeated he,
laughing, “ why, a Parallelogram or
“ quadrangular Figure, consisting of
“ parallel Lines, with two acute and
“ two obtuse Angles, and formed by
“ two equal and righte Cones, joyned
“ together at their Base ! There, are
“ you anie wiser now ? No, little
“ Maid, 'tis best for such as you

*Not with perplexing Thoughts
To interrupt the Sweet of Life, from
which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious
Cares,*

1665.

*And not molest us, unless we ourselves
Seek them, with wandering Thoughts
and Notions vain."*

April 19.

I heartilie wish our Stepmother were back, albeit we are soe comfortable without her! *Mary*, taking the Maids at unawares last Night, found a strange Man in the Kitchen. Words ensued; he slunk off like a Culprit, which lookt not well, while *Betty Fisher*, brazening it out, would have at firste that he was her Brother, then her Cousin, and ended by vowing to be revenged on *Mary* when she lookt not for it. I would have had *Mary* speak to
Father,

Father, but she will not; perhaps
for best. *Polly* is in the Sulks to
Daye, as well as *Betty*, saying, "As
"well live in a Nunnerie."

1665.

When the Horse is stolen, shut
the Stable Door. *Mary* locked the
lower Doors, and brought up the
Keys herselfe, yestereven at Duske.
Anon dropped in Doctor *Paget*, Mr.
Skinner, and Uncle *Dick*, for that we
had quite a merrie Party. Dr. *Paget*
sayd how that another Case of the
Plague had occurred in *Long Acre*;
howbeit, this onlie makes three, for
that we trust it will not spread,
though 'twould be unadvised to goe
needlestie

April 20.

1665.

needleſſie into the infected Quarter. Uncle *Dick* would fayn take us Girls down to *Oxon*, but Father ſayd he could not ſpare us while Mother was at *Stoke*; and that there was noe prevalent Diſtemper, this bracing Weather, in our Pariſh. Then felle a muſing; and Uncle *Dick*, who loves a Jeſte, outs with a large brown Apple from 's Pocket, and holds it aneath Father's Noſe. Sayth Father, rouſing, "How far Phanſy goes! "thy Voice, *Dick*, carried me back "to olde Dayes, and affected, I think, "even my Noſe; for I could proteſt "I ſmelled a *Sheepſcote* Apple." And, feeling himſelfe touched by its cold
Skin,

Skin, laught merrilie, and ate it with a Relish; saying, noe Sorte ever seemed unto him soe goode—he had received manie a Hamper of 'em about Christmasse. After a Time, alle but he and I went up, and out on the Leads, to see the Comet; and we two sitting quite still, and Father, doubtlesse, supposed to be alone, I saw a great round-shouldered mannish Shadowe glide acrosse the Passage, and hearde the Front-door Latch click. Darted forthe, but too late, and then into the Kitchen; with some Warmth chid *Betty* for soe soone agayn disobeying Orders, and threatened to tell my Mamma. She
cried

1665.

1665.

cryed pertlie, “ Law, Miss *Deb*, I
“ wish to Goodnesse your Mamma
“ was here to heare you, for I’d
“ sooner have one Mistres than three.
“ A Shadowe, indeede! I’m sure you
“ saw no Substance—very like, ’twas
“ a Spirit; or, liker still, onlie the
“ Cat. Here, Puffs, Puffs!” * * * *
and soe into the Passage, as though
to look for what she was sure not to
find. I had noe Patience with her;
but, returning to Father, askt him if
he had not heard the Latch click?
He sayd, No; and, indeede, I think,
had been dozing; soe then sate still,
and bethoughte me what ’twere best
to doe. Three Brains are too little
agaynst

agaynst one that is resolved to cheat.
'Tis noe Goode complayning to a
Man; he will not see, even though
unafflicted like Father, who cannot.
Men's Minds run on greater Things,
and soe they are fretted at domestic
Appeals, and generallie give Judg-
ment the wrong Way. Thus we
founde it before, poor motherlesse
Girls, to our Cost; and I reallie
believe it was more in Kindnesse for
us than himself, that Father listened
to the Doctor's Overtures in behalfe
of Miss *Minsbull*; for what Com-
panion can soe illiterate a Woman
be to him? But he believed her
gentle, hearde that she was a good
Housewife,

1665.

Houſewife, and apprehended ſhe would be kind to us * * * * Alas the Daye! What Tears we three ſhed in our Chamber that Night! and wiſhed, too late, we had ne'er referred to him a Grievance, nor let him know we had a Burthen. Soone we founde King *Log* had been ſucceeded by King *Stork*; ſoone made common Cauſe, tryed our Strength and found it wanting, and ſoone ſubmitted to our new Yoke, and tried to make the beſt of it.

Yes, that is the onlie Courſe; we alle feele it; onlie, as Ill-luck will have it, we do not always feel it ſimultaneouſlie.

simultaneouſlie. *Anne*, mayhap, has one of her dogged humours; *Mary* and I ſee how much better 'twould be, did ſhe overcome it, or ſhut herſelf up till in better Temper. *Mary* is crabbed and exacting; *Anne* and I cannot put her ſtraight. Well for us when we ſucceed juſt ſo far as to keep it from the Notice of Father. Thus we rub on; I wonder if we ever ſhall pull all together?

Like unto a wiſe Maſter-builder, who ordereth the Diſpoſition of each Stone till the whole Building is fitly compacted together, ſo doth Father build up his noble Poem, which

1665.

April 22.

1665.

which groweth under our Hands. Three Nights have I, without Complaynt, lost my Rest while writing at his Bedside; this hath made me yawnish in the Day-time, or, as Mother will have it, lazy. However, I bethink me of *Damo*, Daughter of *Pythagoras*.

Mother came Home yesterday, and *Betty*, the Picture of Neatnesse, tooke goode Heede to be the first to welcome her, with officious Smiles, and Prayses of her Looks. For my Part, I thoughte it fullsome, but knew her Motives better than Mother, who took it alle in goode Part. Indeede, noe one would
give

give this Girl credit for soe false a Heart; she is pretty, modest looking, and for a while before my Father's Marriage was as great a Favourite with *Mary* as now with my Mother; flattered her the same; and tempted her to idle gossiping Confidences. She was slow to believe herself cheated; and when 'twas as cleare as Day, could not convince Father of it.

On *Mary's* mentioning this Morning (unadvifedlie, I think,) the Kitchen Visitor, Mother made short Answer—

“Tilly-vally! bad Mistresses make
“bad Maids; there will be noe such
“Doings

1665.

1665.

“Doings now, I warrant * * * *
“I am fure, my Dear,” appealing to
Father, “you think well in the
“main of *Betty*?”

“Yes,” says he, smiling, “I think
“well of both my *Betties*.”

“At any rate,” persists *Mary*,
“the Man could not be at once
“her Cousin and her Brother.”

“Why no,” replies Father, “there-
“in she worsened her Story, by say-
“ing too much, as *Dorothea* did,
“when she pretended to have heard
“of the Knight of *La Mancha*’s
“Fame, when she landed at *Offuna*;
“which even a Madman as he was,
“knew to be noe Sea-port. It re-
“quires

“quires more Skill than the General
“possess, to lie with a Circumstance.”

1665.

‘ Had a Valentine this Morning,
though onlie from *Ned Phillips*,
whom Mother is angry with, for
filling my Head betimes with such
Nonsense. Howbeit, I am close
on sixteen.

Mary was out of Patience with
Father yesterday, who, after keeping
her a full Hour at *Thucydides*, sayd,

“Well, now we will refresh our-
“selves with a Canto of *Ariosto*,”
which was as much a sealed Book
to her as t’other. Howbeit, this
Morning he sayd,

“Child,

1665.

“ Child, I have noted your Weari-
“ nesse in reading the dead Lan-
“ guages to me ; would that I needed
“ not to be beholden unto any,
“ whether bound to me by Blood
“ and Affection or not, for the Food
“ that is as needfulle to me as my
“ daily Bread. Nevertheless, that I
“ be not further wearisome unto thee,
“ I have engaged a young *Quaker*,
“ named *Ellwood*, to relieve thee of
“ this Portion of thy Task, soe that
“ thou mayst have the more Leisure
“ to enjoy the glad Sunshine and fair
“ Sights I never more shall see.”

Mary turned red, and dropt a
quiet Tear ; but alas, he knew it not.

“ One

1665.

“One part of my Children’s Bur-
“then, indeed,” he continued, “I
“cannot, for obvious Reasons, re-
“lieve them of—they must still be
“my Secretaries, for in them alone
“can I confide. Soe now to your
“healthfulle Exercises and fitting
“Recreations, dear Maids, and
“Heaven’s Blessing goe with
“you!”

We kissed his Hand and went, but
our Walk was not merry.

Ellwood is a young Man of seven-
and-twenty, of good Parts, but prag-
maticalle; Son of an Oxfordshire
Justice of the Peace, but not on
good Terms with him, by Reason of
his

1665.

his religious Opinions, which the Father affects not.

April 23

Spring is coming on apace. Father even sits between the wood Fire and the open Casement, enjoying the mild Air, but it is not considered healthfulle.

“My Dear,” says Mother to him this Morning, after some Hours’ Absence, “I have bought me a new “Mantle of the most absolute Fancy. “’Tis sad-coloured, which I knew “you would approve, but with a “Garniture of Orange-tawny; three “Plaits at the Waist behind, and a “little stuck-up Collar.”

“You

"You are a comical Woman," says Father, "to spend soe much Money and Mind on a Thing your Husband will never see."

1665.

"Oh! but it cost no Money at alle," says she; "that is the best of it."

"What is the best of it?" rejoined he. "I suppose you bargained for it, if you did not buy it—" "you Women are always for cheap Pennyworths. Come, what was the Ransom? One of my old Books, or my new Coat?"

"Your last new Coat may be called old too, I'm sure," says Mother; "I believe you married me in it."

D

"Nay,"

1665.

“Nay,” says Father, “and what
“if I did? ’Twas ~~new~~ then, at any
“rate; and the Cid *Ruy Diaz* was
“married in a black Satin Doublet,
“which his Father had worn in
“three or four Battles.”

“A poor Compliment to the
“Bride,” says Mother.

“Well, but, dear *Betty*, what has
“gone for this copper-coloured
“Mantle? — *Sylvester’s* ‘Du Bar-
“tas?’”

“Nothing of the sort,—nothing
“you value or will ever miss. An
“old Gold Pocket-piece, that hath
“lain perdue, e’er soe long, in our
“Dressing-table Drawer.”

He

1665.

He smote the Table with his Hand. "Woman!" cried he, changing Colour, "'twas a Medal of Honour given to my Father by a Polish Prince! It should have been an Heir-loom. There, say noe more about it now. 'Tis in your Jew's Furnace ere this. 'The Fining-pot for Silver and the Furnace for Gold, but . . . the Lord trieth the Spirits.' Ay me! mine is tried sometimes."

Uncle *Kit* most opportunelie entering at this Moment, instantaneoullie changed his Key-note.

"Ha, *Kit*!" he cries, gladly, "here you find me, as usual, maunding

1665.

“dering among my Women. Wel-
“come, welcome! How is it with
“you, and what’s the News?”

“Why, the News is, that the
“Plague’s coming on amain,” says my
Uncle; “they say it’s been smould-
“ering among us all the Winter,
“and now it’s bursting out.”

“Lord save us!” says Mother,
turning pale.

“You may say that,” says Uncle,
“but you must alsoe try to save
“yourselfes. For my Part, I see
“not what shoulde keep you in
“Town. Come down to us at
“*Ipswich*; my Brother and you
“shall have the haunted Chamber;
“and

“and we can make plenty of Shake-
“downs for the Girls in the Atticks.
“Your Maids can look after Matters
“here. By the way, you have a
“Merlin’s Head sett up in your
“Neighbourhood; I saw your black-
“eyed Maid come forthe of it as I
“passed.”

1665.

Mother bit her Lip; but Father
broke forthe with, “What can we
“expect but that a judiciall Punish-
“ment shoulde befall a Land where
“the Corruption of the Court, more
“potent and subtile in its Infection
“than anie Pestilence, hath tainted
“every open Resorte and bye Corner
“of the Capital and Country? Our
“Sins

1665.

“Sins cry aloud ; our Pulpits, Coun-
“ters, and Closetts alike witness
“against us. ’Tis, as with the
“People foe with the Priest, as
“with the Buyer foe with the Seller,
“as with the Maid foe with the
“Mistress. Plays, Interludes, Gam-
“ing-houses, Sabbath Debauches,
“Dancing-rooms, Merry-Andrews,
“Jack Puddings, Quacks, false Pro-
“phesyings—”

“Ah ! we can excuse a little Bit-
“terneffe in the losing Party now,”
says Uncle ; “but do you seriously
“mean to say you think us more
“deserving of judicall Punishment
“under the glorious Restoration than
“during

"during the unnatural Rebellion?

1665.

"Sure you have had Time to cool
"upon that."

"Certainly I mean to say so,"
answers Father. "During the un-
"natural Rebellion, as you please
"to call it, the Commonwealth,
"whose Duration was very short—"

"Very short, indeed," observes
Uncle, coughing. "Only from
"Worcester Fight, Fifty-one, to
"Noll's Diffolution of the Long
"Parliament, Fifty-three; yet quite
"long enough to see what it
"was."

"I deny that, as well as your
"Dates," says Father. "We en-
"joyed

1665.

“joyed a Commonwealth under the
“Protector, who, had he not as-
“sumed that high Office which
“gave him his Name, would have
“lacked Opportunity of showing
“that he was capable of filling the
“most exalted Station with Vigour
“and Ability. He secured a wife
“Peace, obtained the respectfull Con-
“currence of foreign Powers, filled
“our domestick Courts with upright
“Judges, and respected the Rights of
“Conscience.”

“Why, suppose I admitted all
“this, which I am far from doing,”
says Uncle, “what was he but a
“King, except by just Title? What
“had

“had become, meantime, of your
“Commonwealth?”

1665.

“Softly, *Kit*,” returns Father.
“The Commonwealth was progress-
“ing, meantime, like a little Rivulet
“that rises among the Hills, amid
“Weeds and Moss, and gradually
“works itself a widening Channel,
“filtering over Beds of Gravel, and
“obstructed here and there by Frag-
“ments of Rock, that sorely chafe
“and trouble it, at the very Time
“that, to the distant Observer, it
“looks most picturesque and beau-
“tiful.”

“Well, I suppose I was never dis-
“tant enough to see it in this pic-
“turesque

1665.

“turefque Point of View,” fays Uncle.
“Legitimate Monarchy was, to my
“Mind, the Rock over which the
“brawling River leaped awhile, and
“which, in the End, fuccesfully
“opposed it; and as to your *Oliver*,
“he was a cunning Fellow, that
“diverted its Courfe to turn his own
“Mill.”

“They that can fee any Virtue or
“Comelinefs in a *Charles Stuart*,”
fays Father, “can hardly be expected
“to acknowledge the rugged Merits
“of a plain Republican.”

“Plain was the very laft Thing
“he was,” fays Uncle, “either in
“fpeaking or dealing. He was as
“cunning

“cunning as a Fox, and as rough as
“a Bear.”

1665.

“We can overlook the Roughness
“of a good Man,” says Father; “and
“if a Temper subject to hasty Ebul-
“litions is better than one which, by
“Blows and hard Usage, has been
“silenced into Sullenness, a Republic
“is better than an absolute Sove-
“reignty.”

“Aye; and if a Temper under
“the Control of Reason and Prin-
“ciple,” rejoins Uncle, “is better
“than one unaccustomed to restrain
“its hasty Ebullitions, a limited
“Monarchy is better than a Re-
“public.”

“But

1665.

“ But ours is not limited enough,”
perfixts Father.

“ Wait awhile,” returns Uncle,
“ till, as you fay, we have filtered
“ over the Gravel a little longer, and
“ then fee how clear we fhall run.”

“ I don't fee much prefent Chance
“ of it,” fays Father. “ Such a King,
“ and fuch a Court !”

“ The King and Court will foon
“ fhift Quarters, I underftand,” fays
Uncle; “ for Fear of this coming
“ Sicknefs. ’Twould be a rare Thing,
“ indeed, for the King to take the
“ Plague !”

“ Why not the King, as well as
“ any of his Commons ?” fays Father.

“ Tush !

"Tush! I am tired of the Account
"People make of him. 'Is *Philip*
"dead?' 'No; but he is sick.'
"Pray, what is it to us, whether
" *Philip* is sick or not?"

"Which of the *Phillipses*, my
"Dear?" asks Mother. "Did you
"say *Jack Phillips* was sick?"

"No, dear *Betty*; only a King of
" *Macedon*, who lived a long Time
"ago."

"Doctor *Brice* commends you
"much for your grounding the
" *Phillipses* so excellently in the Claf-
"ficks," says Uncle.

"He should think whether his
"Praise is much worth having," says
Father,

1665.

1665.

Father, rather haughtily. "The
" young Men were indebted to me
" for a competent Knowledge of the
" learned Tongues—no more."

" Nay, somewhat more," rejoined
Uncle; "and the Praise of a worthy
" Man is surely always worth hav-
" ing."

" If he be our Superior in the
" Thing wherein he praises us," re-
turned Father. " His Praise is then
" a Medal of Reward; but it should
" never be a current Coin, bandied
" from one to another. And the
" Inferior may never praise the Su-
" perior."

Uncle was silent a Moment, and
then

then softly uttered, "My Soul, praise
"the Lord."

1665.

"There you have me," says Father,
instantly softening. "Laud we the
"Name of the Lord, but let's not
"laud one another."

"Ah! I can't wait to argue the
"Point," says Uncle. "I must back
"to the *Temple*."

"Stay a Moment, *Kit*. Have you
"seen 'the Mysterie of Jesuitism?'"

"No; have *you* seen the Proof
"that *London*, not *Rome*, is the City
"on seven Hills? *Ludgate Hill*, *Fish-*
"*street Hill*, *Dowgate Hill*, *Garlick*
"*Hill*, *Saffron Hill*, *Holborn Hill*,
"and *Tower Hill*. Clear as Day!"

"Where's

1665.

“Where’s *Snow Hill*? Come, don’t go yet. We will fight over some of our old’ Feuds. There will be a roast Pig on Table at one o’Clock, and, I fancy, a Tanfy-pudding.”

“I can’t fancy Tanfy-pudding,” says Uncle, shuddering; “I cannot abide Tanfies, even in Lent. Besides, I’m expecting a Reference.”

“Oh! very well; then drop in again in the Evening, if you will; and very likely you will meet *Cyriack Skinner*. And you shall have cold Pig for Supper, not forgetting the Currant-sauce, *Wiltshire* Cheese, Carraways, and some of your own Wine.”

“Well,

“Well, that sounds good. I don’t
“mind if I do,” says Uncle; “but
“don’t expect me after nine.”

1665.

“I’m in Bed by nine,” says
Father.

“Oh, oh!” says Uncle; and with
a comical Look at us, he went
off.

Uncle *Kit* did not come last Night;
I did not much expect he would;
nor Mr. *Skinner*. Instead, we had
Dr. *Paget*, and one or two others,
who talked dolefully all the Evening
of Signs of the Times, till they gave
me the Horrors. One had seen a
Ghost, or at least, seen a Crowd
E looking

1665.

looking at a Ghost, or for a Ghost, in *Bishopgate* Churchyard, that comes out and points hither and thither at future Graves. Another had seene an Apparition, or Meteor, somewhat of human or angelic Shape in the Air. Father laught at the first, but did not so discredit *in toto* the other; observing that *Theodore Beza* believed at one Time in astrologick Signs; and thought that the Appearance of the notable Star in *Cassiopeia* betokened the universal End. And as for Angels, he sayd they were, questionless, ministering Spiritts, not onlie sent forth to minister unto the Heirs of Salvation, but sometimes
Instruments

1665.

Instruments of God's Wrath, to execute Judgments upon ungodly Men, and convince them of the ill Deeds which they have ungodly committed; as during the Pestilence in *David's* Time, when the King saw the Destroying Angel standing between Heaven and Earth, having a drawn Sword in his Hand, stretched over Jerufalem. Such Delegates we might, without Fanaticism, suppose to be the generall, though unseen, Instruments of public Chastisements; and, for our particular Comfort, we had equall Reason to repose on the Assurance, that even amid the Pestilence that walked in Darknes, and the

1665.

the Destruction that waisted by Noon-day, the Angels had charge over each particular Believer, to keep them in all their Ways. Adding, that, though he forbore, with *Calvin*, to pronounce that each Man had his own Guardian Spiritt,—a Subject whereon Scripture was silent,—we had the Lord's own Word for it, that little Children were the particular Care of holy Angels.

And this, and othermuch to same Purport, had soe soothing and sedative an Effect, that we might have gone to Bed in peacefull Trust, onlie that *Dr. Paget* must needs bring up, after Supper, the correla-
tive

tive Theme of the great *Florentine* Plague, and the poisoned Wells, which sett Father off upon the Acts of Mercy of Cardinal *Borromeo*,—not him called *St. Charles*, but the Cardinal-Archbishop, — and foe, to the Pestilence at *Geneva*, when even the Bars and Locks of Doors were poisoned by a Gang of Wretches, who thought to pillage the Dwellings of the Dead; till we all went to Bed, moped to Death.

Howbeit, I had been warmly asleep some Hours, (more by Token I had read the ninety-first Psalm before getting into Bed), when *Anne*, clinging to me, woke me up with a
thrill

1665.

1665.

thrill Cry. I whispered fearfullie,
“What is’t?—a Thief under the
“Bed?”

“No, no,” she replies. “Listen!”

Soe I did for a While; and was
just going to say, “You were dream-
“ing,” when a hollow Voice in the
Street, beneath our Window, dis-
tinctlie proclaimed,

“Yet forty Days, and *London*
“shall be destroyed! I will over-
“turn, overturn, overturn it! Oh!
“Woe, Woe, Woe!”

I sprang out of Bed, fell over my
Shoes, got up again, and ran to
the Window. There was Nothing
to be seen but long, black Shadows
in

in the Streets. The Moon was behind the House. After looking forthe awhile, with Teeth chattering, I was about to drop the Curtain, when, afar off, whether in or over some distant Quarter of the Town, I heard the same Voice, clearlie enow to recognise the Rhythm, though not the Words. I crept to Bed, chilled and awe-stricken; yet, after cowering awhile, and saying our Prayers, we both fell asleep.

The first Sounde this Morning was of Weeping and Wayling. Mother had beene scared by the Night-warning, and wearied Father
to

1665.

1665.

to have us alle into the Countrie. He thought the Danger not yet imminent, the Expence confiderable, and the Outcry that of some crazy Fanatick ; ne'ertheleffe, consented to employ *Ellwood* to look us out some country Lodgings ; having noe Mind to live upon my Uncle at *Ipswich*.

Mary, strange to say, had heard noe Noife ; nor had the Maids ; but Servants always sleep heavily.

Some of the Pig having beene sett aside for my Uncle, and Mother fancying it for her Breakfast, was much putt out, on going into the Larder, to find it gone. *Betty*, of course, sayd it was the Cat. Mother made

Answer

Answer, she never knew a Cat partial to cold Pig; and the Door having been latched, was suspicious of a Puss in Boots.

1665.

Betty cries—"Plague take the
"Cat!"

Mother rejoins—"If the Plague
"does take him, I shall certainly
"have him hanged."

"Then we shall be overrun with
"Rats," says *Betty*.

"I shall buy Ratsbane for them,"
says Mother; and soe into the Par-
lour, where Father, having hearde
the whole Dialogue, had been great-
lie amused.

At Twilight, she went to look at
the

1665.

the Pantry Fastenings herselfe, but, suddenzie hearing a dolorous Voyce either within or immediately without, cry, “Oh ! Woe, Woe !” she naturallie drew back. However, being a Woman of much Spiritt, she instantlie recovered herselfe, and went forward ; but no one was in the Pantry. The Occurrence, therefore, made the more Impression ; and she came up somewhat scared, and asked if we had heard it.

“My Dear,” says Father, “you
“awoke me in the midst of a very
“interesting Colloquy between *Sir*
“*Thomas More* and *Erasmus*. How-
“ever, I think a Dog barked, or rather
“howled,

“howled, juſt now. Are you ſure the
“words were not ‘Bow, wow, wow?’”

1665.

Another Night-larum; but onlie
from Father, who wanted me to
write for him,—a Taſk he has much
intromitted of late. Mother was
hugelie annoyed at it, and ſayd,—
“My Dear, I am perſuaded that if
“you would not perſiſt in going to
“Bed ſoe earlie, you woulde not
“awake at theſe untimelie Hours.”

“That is very well for you to ſay,”
returned he, “who can ſew and ſpin
“the whole Evening through; but I,
“whoſe long entire Day is Night,
“grow ſoe tired of it by nine o’Clock,
“that

1665.

“that I am fit for Nothing but
“Bed.”

“Well,” says she, “I often find
“that brushing my Hair wakes me up
“when I am drowsy. I will brush
“yours To-Morrow Evening, and see
“if we cannot keep you up a little
“later, and provide sounder Rest for
“you when you do turn in.”

Soe, this Evening, she casts her
Apron over his Shoulders, and com-
mences combing his Hair, chatting
of this and that, to keep him in good
Humour.

“What beautiful Hair this is of
“yours, my Dear!” says she; “see
“fine, long, and soft! scarce a
“Silver

“Silver Thread in it. I warrant
“there’s manie a young Gallant at
“Court would be proud of fuch.”

1665.

“Girls, put your Sciffars out of
“your Mother’s Way,” fays Father ;
“the’s a perfect *Dalilah*, and will
“whip off Half my Curls before I
“can count Three, unlefs you look
“after her. And I,” he adds, with
a Sigh, “am, in one Sort, a *Sam-*
“*fon*.”

“I’m fure *Dalilah* never treated
“*Samfon*’s old Coat with fuch
“Respect,” fays Mother, finishing
her Task, refuming her Apron,
and kissing him. “Soe now, keep
“your Eyes open—I mean, keep
“awake,

1665.

“*awake*, till I bring you a Goffip’s
“*Bowl*.”

When she was gone, Father continued sitting bolt upright, *his Eyes*, as she sayd (his beautiful *Eyes*!), open and wakefull, and his Countenance composed, yet grave, as if his Thoughts were at least as far off as *Tangrolipix the Turk*. All at once, he says,

“*Deb*, are my Sleeves white at
“the Elbow?”

“No, Father.”

“Or am I shiny about the Shoulders?”

“No, Father.”

“Why, then,” cries he, gaily,
“this

“this Coat can’t be very old, how-
“ever long I may have worn it. I’ll
“rub on in it still; and your Mother
“and you will have the more Money
“for copper-coloured Clokes. But
“don’t, at any Time, let your Father
“get shabby, Children. I would
“never be threadbare nor unclean.
“Let my Habitt be neat and spot-
“less, my Bands well washed and
“uncrumpled, as becometh a Gen-
“tleman. As for my Sword in the
“Corner, your Mother may send
“that after my Medal as soon as
“she will. The *Cid* parted with
“his *Tizona* in his Life-time; soe
“a peaceable Man, whose Eyes, like
“the

1665.

1665.

“the Prophet *Abijah's*, are set, may
“well doe the same.”

May 12.

Yesterday being the *Lord's Day*,
Mother was hugely scared during
Morning Service, by seeing an old
Lady put her Kerchief to her
Nose, look hither and thither, and,
finally, walk out of Church. One
whispered another, “A Plague-
“Smell, perchance.” “No Doubt
“on't;” and soe, one after another
left, as, at length, did Mother, who
declared she beganne to feel herself
ill. On the Cloth being drawn
after Dinner, she made a serious
Attack on my Father, upon the
Subject

Subject of Country Lodgings, which he stoutly resisted at first, saying,

1665.

“If, Wife and Daughters, either
“the Danger were so immediate, or
“the Escape from it so facile as to
“justify these womanish Clamours,
“Reason would that I should listen
“to you. But, since that the Lord
“is about our Bed, and about our
“Path, in the Capital no less than
“in the Country, and knoweth them
“that are his, and hideth them
“under the Shadowe of his Wings—
“and since that, if the Fiat be in-
“deed issued agaynst us, no Strong-
“hold, though guarded with triple
“Walls of Circumvallation, like *Ec-*

1665.

“*batana*, nor pastoral Valley, that
“might inspire *Theocritus* with a new
“Idyl, can hide us, either by its
“Strength or its Obscurity, from the
“Arrow of the Destroying Angel;
“ye, therefore, seeing these Things
“cannot be spoken agaynst, ought
“to be quiet, and do Nothing
“rashly. Wherefore, I pray you,
“Wife and Daughters, get you to
“your Knees, before Him who
“alone can deliver you from these
“Terrors; and having cast your
“Burthen upon Him, eat your
“Bread in Peacefulness and Cheer-
“fulness of Heart.”

However, we really are preparing
for

1665.

for Country Quarters, for young *Ellwood* hath this Morning brought us Note of a rustick Abode near his Friends, the *Penningtons*, at *Chalfont*, in *Bucks*, the Charges of which suit my Father's limited Means; and we hope to enter on it by the End of the Week. *Ellwood's* Head seems full of *Guli Springett*, the Daughter of Master *Pennington's* Wife by her first Husband. If Half he says of her be true, I shall like to see the young Lady. We part with one Maid, and take the other. *Betty* was very forward to be left in Charge; and profess herself willing to abide any Risk for the Sake of
the

1665.

the Family; more by Token she thoughte there was no Risk at alle, having boughte a soveraign Charm of Mother *Shipton*. Howbeit, on inducing her, much agaynst her Will, to open it, Nought was founde within but a wretched little Print of a Ship, with the Words, scrawled beneath it, "By Virtue of the above Sign." Father called her a silly Baggage, and sayd, he was glad, at any Rate, there was no Profanity in it; but, in Spite of *Betty*, and *Polly*, and Mother too, he is resolved to leave the House under the sole Charge of Nurse *Jellycott*. Indeed, there will probably be more rather than

than less Work to do at *Chalfont* ;
but Mother means to get a little
Boy, such as will be glad to come
for Threepence a-Week, to fetch the
Milk, post the Letters, get Flour
from the Mill and Barm from the
Brewhouse, carry Pies to the Oven,
clean Boots and Shoes, bring in
Wood, sweep up the Garden, roll the
Grass, turn the Spit, draw the Water,
lift Boxes and heavy Weights, chase
away Beggars and infectious Persons,
and any little odd Matter of the
Kind.

Mother has drowned the Cats,
and poisoned the Rats. The latter
have

1665.

1665.

have revenged 'emfelves by dying behind the Wainfcot, which makes the lower Part of the Houfe foe unbearable, 'peciallie to Father, that we are impatient to be off. Mother, intending to turn *Chalfont* into a besieged Garrison, is laying in Stock of Sope, Candles, Cheefe, Butter, Salt, Sugar, Raifins, Peafe, and Bacon; besides Refin, Sulphur, and Benjamin, agaynft the Infection; and Pill Ruff, and *Venice* Treacle, in Cafe it comes.

As to Father, his Thoughts naturallie run more on Food for the Mind; foe he hath layd in goodlie Store of Pens, Paper, and Ink, and fett

sett me to pack his Books. At first, he sayd he should onlie require a few, and good Ones. These were all of the biggest; and three or four Folios broke out the Bottom of the Box. So then Mother sayd the onlie Way was to cord 'em up in Sacking; which greatlie relaxed the Bounds of his Self-denial, and ended in his having a Load packed that would break a Horse's Back. Alsoe, hath had his Organ taken to Pieces; but as it must goe in two severall Loads, and we cannot get a bigger Wagon,—everie Cart and Carriage, large or little, being on such hard Duty in these Times,—I'm
to

1665.

1665.

to be left behind till the Wagon returns, and till I've finished cataloguing the Books; after which *Ned Phillips* hath promised to take me down on a Pillion.

Nurse *Jellycott*, being sent for from *Wapping*, looked in this Forenoon, for Father's Commands. Such Years have passed since we lost Sight of her, that I remembered not her Face in the least, but had an instant Recollection of her chearfulle, gentle Voyce. Spite of her Steeple Hat, and short scarlet Cloke, which gave her an antiquated Ayr, her cleare hazel Eyes and smooth-parted Silver Locks gave her an engaging Appearance.

pearance. The World having gone ill with her, she thankfullie takes Charge of the Premises; and though her Eyes filled with Tears, 'twas with looking at Father. He, for his Part, spake most kindlie, and gave her his Hand, which she kissed.

1665.

They are all off. Never was House in such a Pickle! The Carpets rolled up, but the Boards beneath 'em unswept, and black with Dirt; as Nurse gladlie undertook everie Office of that Kind, and sayd 'twould help to amuse her when we were away. But she has tidied up
the

1665.

the little Chamber over the House-door she means to occupy, and sett on the Mantell a Beau-pot of fresh Flowers she brought with her. The whole House smells of aromatick Herbs, we have burnt soe many of late for Fumigation; and, though we fear to open the Window, yet, being on the shady Side, we doe not feel the Heat much.

Yesterday, while in the Thick of packing, and Nobody being with Father but me, a Messenger arrived, with a few Lines, writ privily by a Friend of poor *Ellwood*, saying he was in *Aylesbury* Gaol, not for Debt, but for his Opinions, and praying
Father

1665.

Father to fend him twenty or thirty Shillings for immediate Necessaries. Mother having gone to my Lord Mayor for Passports, and Father having long given up to her his Purse, . . . (for us Girls, we rarelie have a Crown,) he was in a Strait, and at length said,

“This poor young Fellow must
“not be denied A Friend in
“Need is a Friend indeed Tie
“on thy Hood, Child, and step out
“with the Volume thou hadst in thy
“Hand but now, to the Stall at the
“Corner. See *Isaac* himself; shew
“him *Tasso's* Autograph on the Fly-
“leaf, and ask him for thirty or forty
“Shillings

1665.

“Shillings on it till I come back;
“but bid him on no Pretence to
“part with it.”

I did so, not much liking the
Job—there are often such queer
People there; for old *Isaac* deals
not onlie in old Books, but old Silver
Spoons. Howbeit, I took the Vo-
lume to his Shop, and as I went in,
Betty came out! What had been
her Bufineffe, I know not; but she
lookt at me and my Book as though
she should like to know *mine*; but,
with her usual demure Curtsey,
made Way for me, and walked off.
I got the Money with much Wait-
ing, but not much other Difficultie,
and

and took it to Father, who sent twenty Shillings to *Ellwood*, and gave me five for my Payns. Poor *Ellwood*! he hath good Leisure to muse now on *Guli Springett*.

1665.

Mother was soe worried by the Odour of the Rats, that they alle started off a Day sooner than was first intended, leaving me merelie a little extra Packing. Consequence was, that this Morning, before Dawn, being earlie at my Task, there taps me at the Window. an old Harridan that Mother can't abide, who is always a crying, "Anie "Kitchen-stuff have you, Maids?"

Quoth

1665.

Quoth I, "We've Nothing for
"you."

"Sure, my deary," answers she,
in a cajoling voyce, "there's the
"Dripping and Candles you pro-
"mised me this Morning, along with
"the Pot-liquor."

"Dear Heart, Mrs. *Deb!*" says
Nurse, laughing, "there is, indeed,
"a Lot of Kitchen-stuff hid up near
"the Sink, which I dare say your
"Maid told her she was to have;
"and as it will only make the House
"smell worse, I don't see why she
"should not have it, and pay for it
"too."

Soe I laught, and gave it her forthe,
and

and she put into my Hand two Shillings; but then says, "Why, where's the Cheefe?"

"We've no Cheefe for you," sayd I.

"Well," says she, "it's a dear Bargayn; but . . ." peering towards me, "is t'other Mayd gone, then?"

"Oh, yes! both of 'em," says I; "and I'm the Mistrefs," soe burst out a laughing, and shut the Window, while she stumped off, with Something between a Grunt and a Grone. Of course, I gave the Money to Nurse.

We had much Talk overnight of my poor dear Mother. Nurse
came

1665.

1665.

came to her when *Anne* was born, and remained in the Family till after the Death of Father's second Wife. *She* was a fayr and delicate Gentlewoman, by Nurse's Account, soft in Speech, fond of Father, and kind to us and the Servants; but all Nurse's Suffrages were in Favour of mine own loved Mother.

I askt Nurse how there came to have beene a Separation betweene Father and Mother, soone after their Marriage. She made Answer, she never could understand the Rights of it, having beene before her Time; but they were both so good, and tenderly affectioned, she never could believe

1665.

believe there had beene anie reall Wrong on either Side. She always thought my Grandmother must have promoted the Misunderstanding. Men were seldom fond of their Mothers-in-law. He was very kind to the whole Family the Winter before *Anne* was born, when, but for him, they would not have had a Roof over their Heads. Old Mr. *Powell* died in this House, the very Day before *Christmas*, which cast a Gloom over alle, insomuch that my Mother would never after keep *Christmas Eve*; and, as none of the Puritans did, they were alle of a Mind. My other Grandfather dropt off a few Months

G

after;

1665.

after ; he was very fond of Mother. At this time Grandmother was going to Law for her Widow's Thirds, which were little worth the striving for, except to One soe extreme poor. Yet, spite of Gratitude and Interest, she must quarrel with Father, and remove herself from his House ; which even her own Daughter thought very wrong. Howbeit, Mother would have her first Child baptized after her ; and sent her alle the little Helps she could from her owne Purse, from Time to Time, with Father's Privity and Concurrence. He woulde have his next Girl called *Mary*, after Mother ; though the
Name

Name *ſhe* went by with him was
“Sweet *Moll* ;” — ’tis now always
“Poor *Moll*,” or “Your Mother.”
Her health fayled about that Time,
and they fummered at *Foreſt Hill*—
a Place ſhe was always hankering
after; but when ſhe came back ſhe
told Nurſe ſhe never wiſhed to ſee
it agayn, ’twas ſoe altered. Father’s
Sight was, meantime, getting worſe
and worſe. She read to him, and
wrote for him often. He had be-
come *Cromwell’s* Secretary, and had
received the public Thanks of the
Commonwealth Great as his
Reputation was at Home, ’twas
greater Abroad; and Foreigners came

1665.

to

1665.

to see him, as they still occasionally doe, from all Parts. My Mother not onlie loved 'him, but was proud of him. All her Pleasures were in Home. From my Birth to that of the little Boy who died, her Health and Spiritts were good; after that they failed; but she always tried to be chearfull with Father. She read her *Bible* much, and was good to the Poor. Nurse says 'twas almost miraculous how much Good she did at how little Cost, except of Forethought and Trouble; and all soe secretlie. She began to have an Impression she was for an early Grave, but did not seem to lament it.

it. One Night, Nurse being beside her, awoke her from what she supposed an uneasy Dream, as she was crying in her Sleep; but as soone as she oped her Eyes, she looked surpris'd, and said it was a Vision of Peace. She thought the Redeemer of alle Men had been talking with her, Face to Face, as a Man talketh with his Friend, and that she had fallen at his Feet in grateful Joy, and was saying, "Oh! I can't express I can't express—"

About a Week after, she dyed, without any particular Warning, except a short Prick or two at the Heart. My Father was by. 'Twas much talked

1665.

1665.

talked of at the Time, she being soe young.

Discourfing of this and that, 'twas Midnight ere we went to Bed.

Chalfont.

ARRIVED at laſt; after what a Journey! *Ned* had ſent me Word Overnight to expect, this Forenoon, a ſmart young Cavalier, on a fine prancing Steed, with rich Accoutrements. Howbeit, Couſin is neither ſmart nor handſome; and, at the Time ſpecifyde, there was brought up to the Door an old white Horſe, blind of one Eye, with an aquiline Noſe, and, I ſhould think, eight Feet

Feet high. The Bridle was diverse from the Pillion, which was finely embroidered, but tarnisht, with the Stuffing oozing out in severall Places. Howbeit, 'twas the onlie Equipage to be hired in the Ward, for Love or Money so *Ned* sayd And he had a huge Pair of gauntlett Gloves, a Whip, that was the smartest Thing about him, and a kind of Vizard over his Nose and Mouth, which, he sayd, was to prevent his being too alluring; but I know 'twas to ward off Infection. I had meant to be brave; and Nurse and I had brushed up the green camblet Skirt, but the rent Mother had made in it

would

1665.

would shew; however, Nurse thought that, when I was up she could conceal it with a Corking-pin. Thus appointed, *Ned* led the Way, saying, the onlie Occasion on which a Gentleman needed not to excuse himself to a Lady for going first, was when they were to ride a Pillion. Noe more jesting when once a-Horseback; for, after pacing through a few deserted Streets, we found ourselves amidst such a Medly of Carts, Coaches, and Wagons, full of People and Goods, all pouring out of Town, that *Ned* had enough to do to keep cleare of 'em, and of the Horsemen and empty Vehicles coming back
for

for fresh Loads. Dear Heart ! what jostling, cursing, and swearing ! And how awfull the Cause ! Houses padlocked and shuttered wherever we passed, and some with red Crosses on the Doors. At the first Turnpike 'twas worst of all—a complete Stoppage ; Men squabbling, Women crying, and much good Daylight wasted. Howbeit, *Ned* desired me to keep my Mouth shut, my Eyes open, and to trust to his good Care ; and, by Dint of some shrewd Pilotage, weathered the Strait ; after which, our old Horse, whose Paces, to do him Justice, proved very easie, took longer Steps than anie other on the Road,

1665.

1665.

Road, by which Means we soon got quit of the Throng; onlie, we continually gained on fresh Parties,—some dreadfully overloaded, some knocked up already, some baiting at the Roadside, and many of the poorer Sort erecting 'emselves rude Tents and Cabins under the Hedges. Soon I began to rejoyce in the green Fields, and sayd how sweet was the Air; and *Ned* sayd, “Ah!—a Brick-kiln,” and signed at one with his Whip. But I knew the Wind came t'other Way; and e'en Bricks are better than dead Rats.

Half-way to *Amersham* found *Hob Carter's* Wagon, with Father's Organ
in't,

1665.

in't, sticking in the Hedge, without Man or Horse; and, by-and-by, came upon *Hob* himself, with a Party, carousing. *Ned* gave it him well, and sent him back at double-quick Time. 'Twas too bad. He had left Town overnight, and promised to be at *Chalfont* by Noon. I should have beene fain to keep him in Advance of us; howbeit, we were forc't to leave him in the Rear; and, about two Miles beyond *Amer-sham*, we turned off the high Road into a country Lane, which soon brought us to a small retired Hamlet, shaded with Trees, and surrounded with pleasant Meadows and Orchards,

1665.

chards, which was no other than *Chalfont*. There was Mother near the Gate, putting some fine Things to bleach on a Sweetbriar-hedge. *Ned* stopt to chat with her, and learn where he might put his Horse, while I went to seek Father; and soon found him, sitting up in a strait Chair, outside the Garden-door. Sayd, kissing him, "Dear Father, "how is't with you? Are you comfortable here?"

"Anything but that," replies he, very shortlie. "I am not in any "Way at my Ease in this Place. I "can get no definite Notion of what "'tis like, and what Notion I have
"is

“is unfavourable. To finish all, they
“have stuck me up here, like a
“Bottle in the Smoke.”

“But here is a Cushion for you,”
quoth I, running in and back agayn;
“and I will set your Seat in the
“Sun, and out of the Wind, and put
“your Staff within Reach.”

“Thanks, dear *Deb.* And now,
“look about, Child, and tell me,
“with Precision, what the Place is
“like.”

Soe I told him 'twas an irregular
two-storied Tenement, parcel Wood,
parcel Brick, with a deep Roof of
old Tiles that had lost their Colour,
and were curiouſlie variegated with
green

1665.

1665.

green and yellow Moss; and that the Eaves were dentilled, with Birds' Nests built in 'em, and a big Honey-suckle growing to the upper Floor; and there was a great and a little Gable, and a heavy Chimney-stack; a Casement of four Compartments next the Door, and another of two over it; four Lattice-windows at t'other End. In Front, a steep Meadow, enamelled with King-cups and Blue-bells; alongside the Gable-end, a Village Road, with deep Cart-ruts, and Hawthorn Hedges. Onlie one small Dwelling at hand, little better than a crazy Haystack; Sheep in the Field, Bees in the Honey-suckle;

Honeyfuckle; and a little rippling Rivulet flowing on continually.

x665.

“Why, now you have sett me
“quite at Ease!” cries he, turning
his bright Eyes thankfully towards
the Sky. “I begin to like the
“Place, and to bleſs the warm Sun
“and pure Air. Ha! ſo there is a
“rippling Rivulet, that floweth on
“continually! Lord, forgive me
“for my peeviſh Petulance . . . for
“forgetting that I could ſtill hear
“the Lark ſing her Morning Hymn,
“ſcent the Meadow-ſweet and new-
“mown Hay, detect the Bee at his
“Induſtry, and the Woodpecker at
“his Miſchief, diſcern the Breath of
“Cows,

1665.

“Cows, and hear the Lambs bleat,
“and the Rivulet ripple con-tin-
“ually! Come! let us go and seek
“*Ned*.”

And, throwing his Arm about me, draws me to him, saying, “This is “my best Walking-stick,” and steps forward briskly and fearlessly.

Truly, I think *Ned* loves him as though he were his own Father; and, indeed, he hath scarce known any other. Kissing his Hand reverently, he says,—“Honoured *Nunks*, “how fares it with you? Do you “like *Chalfont*?”

“Indeed I do, *Ned*,” responds Father heartily. “’Tis a little *Zoar*,
“whither

“whither I and my fugitive Family
“have escaped from the wicked City;
“and, I thank God, my Wife has
“no Mind to look back.”

1665.

“We may as well go in now,”
says Mother.

“No, no,” says Father; “I feel
“there is an Hour of Summer’s
“Sunset still left. We will abide
“where we are, and keep as long as
“we can out of the Smell of your
“Soapfuds. . . . Let’s sit upon the
“Ground.”

“And tell strange Stories of the
“Deaths of Kings,” says *Ned*, laugh-
ing.

“That was the Saying, *Ned*, of

H

“one

1665.

“one who writ much well, and
“much amifs.”

“Let’s forgive what he writ
“amifs, for the Sake of what he writ
“well,” says *Ned*.

“That will I never,” says Father.
“If paltry Wits cannot be holy and
“witty at the same Time, that does
“not hold good with nobler Spiritts.
“... If it did, they had best never
“be witty at all. Thy Brother *Jack*
“hath yet to learn that Strength is
“not Coarseness.”

Ned softly hummed—

“*Sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy’s
Child!*”

“Ah! you may quote me against
“myself,”

“myself,” says Father; “you may
“quote *Beza* against *Beza*, and
“*Erasmus* against *Erasmus*; but
“that will not shake the eternal
“Laws of Purity and Truth. But,
“mind you, *Ned*, never did anie
“reach a more lofty or tragic
“Height than this Child of Fancy;
“never did any represent Nature
“more purely to the Life; and e’en
“where the Polishments of Art are
“most wanting in him, he pleaseth
“with a certain wild and native
“Elegance.”

“And what have you now in
“Hand, Uncle?” *Ned* asks.

“*Firmianus Chlorus*,” says Fa-
ther.

1665.

x665.

ther. "But I don't find Much in
"him."

"I mean, what of your own?"

"Oh!" laughing; "Things in
"Heaven, *Ned*, and Things on Earth,
"and Things under the Earth. The
"old Story, whereof you have al-
"readie seen many Parcels; but,
"you know, my Vein ne'er flows
"so happily as from the autumnal
"to the vernal Equinox. Howbeit,
"there is Something in the Quality
"of this Air would arouse the old
"Man of *Chios* himself."

"Sure," cries *Ned*, "you have
"less Need than any blind Man to
"complayn, since you have but
"closed

“closed your Eyes on Earth to look
“on Heaven !”

1665.

Father paused ; then, stedfastly,
in Words I’ve since sett down,
sayd :—

“ *When I consider how my Light is*
“ *spent,*

“ *Ere half my Days, in this dark*
“ *World and wide,*

“ *And that one Talent, which is*
“ *Death to hide,*

“ *Lodged with me uselefs, though my*
“ *Soul more bent*

“ *To serve therewith my Maker, and*
“ *present*

“ *My true Account, lest He, return-*
“ *ing, chide ;*

“ “ *Doth*

1665.

*“Doth God exact Day-labour,
“Light denied?”*

*“I fondly ask. But Patience, to
“prevent*

*“That Murmur, soon replies,—‘God
“doth not need*

*“Either Man’s Work, or his own
“Gifts. Who best*

*“Bear his mild Yoke, they serve
“him best. His State*

*“Is kingly; Thousands at his Bid-
“ding speed,*

*“And post o’er Land and Ocean
“without Rest,*

*“They also serve who only stand and
“wait.’”*

.... We were all quiet enough
for

for a while after this . . . *Ned* onlie breathing hard, and squeezing Father's Hand. At length, Mother calls from the House, "Who will come in to Strawberries and Cream?"

1665.

"Ah!" says Father, "that is not an ill Call. And when we have discussed our neat Repast, thou, *Ned*, shalt touch the Theorbo, and let us hear thy balmy Voice. Time was, when thou didst sing like a young Chorister."

* * * * Just as we were returning to the House, *Mary* ran forth, crying, "Oh, *Deb!* you have not seen our Cow. She has just been
"milked

1665.

“milked, and is being turned out,
“even now, to the Pasture. See,
“there she is; but all the Others
“have gone out of Sight, over the
“Hill.”

Mother observed, “Left to her-
“self, she will go, her own Calf
“speedily seeking.”

“My Dear,” says Father, “that’s
“a Hexameter: do try to make
“another.”

“Indeed, Mr. *Milton*, I know
“nothing of Hexameters or Hexa-
“gons either: ’tis enough for me to
“keep all straight and tight. Let’s
“to Supper.”

Anne had crushed his Strawberries,
and

and mixed them with Cream, and now she put his Spoon into his Hand, saying, in jest, "Father, this is "Angels' Food, you know. I have "pressed the Meath from many "a Berry, and tempered dulcet "Creams."

"Hush, you Rogue," says he; "Ned will find us out."

"Is Uncle still at his great Work?" whispers Cousin to Mother.

"Indeed, I know not if you call "it such," she replies, in the same Undertone. "He hath given over "all those grand Things with hard "Names, that used to make him so "notable abroad, and so esteemed
"by

1665.

1665.

“by his own Party at Home; and
“now only amuses himself by
“making the *Bible* a Peg to hang
“his Idleneſſe upon.”

Sure what a Look *Ned* gave her!
Fearful left Father ſhould overhear
(for Blindneſs quickens the other
Senſes), he runs up to the Book-
ſhelf, and cries, “Why, Uncle, you
“have brought down Plenty of En-
“tertainment with you! Here are
“*Plato, Xenophon, and Salluſt, Homer*
“and *Euripides, Dante and Petrarch,*
“*Chaucer and Spenſer, and*
“oh, oh! you read Plays ſometimes,
“though you were ſo hard upon
“*Shakſpeare. . . .* Here’s ‘*La Scena*
“*Tragica*

“Tragica d’*Adamo* ed *Eva*,’ dedi-
“cated to the Duchefs of *Man-*
“*tua*.”

1665.

“Come away from that Corner,
“*Ned*,” fays Father; “there’s a
“Rat behind the Books; he will
“bite your Fingers—I hear him
“fcratching now. You had beft
“attack your Strawberries.”

“I think this Sort will preferve
“well,” fays Mother. “*Betty*, in
“’lighting from the Coach, muft
“needs fett her Foot on the only
“Pot of Preferve I had left; which
“fhe had ftuffed under the Seat,
“inftead of carrying it, as fhe was
“bidden, in her Hand.”

“How

1665.

“How fine it is, though,” says Father, laughing, “to peacock it in
“a Coach now and then! *Pa-*
“*voneggiarsi in un Cocchio!* Only,
“except for the Bravery of it, I
“doubt if little *Deb* were not better
“off on her Pillion. I remember,
“on my Road to *Paris*, the Bottom
“of the Caroché fell out; and there
“sate I, with *Hubert*, who was my
“Attendant, with our Feet dangling
“through. Even the grave *Grotius*
“laughed at the Accident.”

“Was *Grotius* grave?” says *Ned*.

“Believe me, he was,” says Father.
“He had had Enough to make him
“so. One feels taller in the Con-
sciousness

“scioufness of having known such
“a Man. He was great in prac-
“ticall Things; he was also a pro-
“found Scholar, though he made
“out the fourth Kingdom in *Daniel's*
“Prophecy to be the Kingdoms of
“the *Lagidæ* and the *Seleucidæ*;
“which, you know, *Ned*, could not
“possibly be.”

1665.

Chatting thus of this and that,
we idled over Supper, had some
Musick, and went to Bed. And
soe much for the only Guest we are
like to have for some Months.

Anne told me, at Bed-time, of the
Journey down. The Coach, she
sayd, was most uncomfortable,
Mother

1665.

Mother having so over-stuffed it. For her Share, she had a Knife-box under her Feet, a Plate-basket at her Back, a Bird-cage bobbing over her Head, and a Lapfull of Crockery-ware. Providentially, *Betty* turned squeamish, and could not ride inside, so she was put upon the Box, to the great Comfort of all within. Father, at the Outset, was chafed and captious, but soon settled down, improved the Circumstances of the Times, made Jokes on Mother, recalled old Journies to *Buckinghamshire*, and, finally, set himself to silent Self-communion, with a pensive Smile on his Face, which, as *Anne* said,

1665.

said, let her know well enow what he was about. Arrived at *Chalfont*, her first Care was to make him comfortable; while Mother, *Mary*, and *Betty* were turning the House upside down; and in this her Care, she so well succeeded, that, to her Dismay, he bade her take Pen and Ink, and commenced dictating to her as composedly as if they were in *Bunhill Fields*. This was somewhat inopportune, for every Thing was to seek and to set in Order; and, indeed, Mother soon came in, all of a Heat, and sayd, "I wonder, my "Dear, you can keep *Nan* here, at "such idling, when she has her Bed
"to

1665.

“to make, and her Box to unpack.”
Father let her go without a Word,
and fate in peacefull Cogitation all
the Rest of the Evening—the only
Person at Leisure in the House.
Howbeit, the next Time he heard
Mother chiding—which was after
Supper—at *Anne*, for trying to catch
a Bat, which was a Creature she
longed to look at narrowly, he sayd,
“My Dear, we should be very
“cautious how we cut off another
“Person’s Pleasures. ’Tis an easy
“Thing to say to them, ‘You are
“wrong or foolish,’ and soe check
“them in their Pursuit; but what
“have we to give them that will
compensate

“compensate for it? How many
“harmless Refreshments and Refuges
“from sick or tired Thought may
“thus be destroyed! We may de-
“prive the Spider of his Web, and
“the Robin of his Nest, but can
“never repair the Damage to them.
“Let us live, and let live; leave me
“to hunt my Butterfly, and *Anne* to
“catch her Bat.”

1665.

Our Life here is most pleasant.
Father and I pass almost the whole
of our Time in the open Air—he
dictating, and I writing; while
Mother and *Mary* find 'emselves I
know not whether more of Toyl or
1 Pastime,

1665.

Pastime, within Doors,—washing, brewing, baking, pickling, and preserving ; to say Nought of the Dairy, which supplies us with endless Variety of Country Messes, such as Father's Soul loveth. 'Tis well we have this Resource, or our Bill of Fare would be somewhat meagre ; for the Butcher kills nothing but Mutton, except at *Christmases*. Then, we make our own Bread, for we now keep strict Quarantine, the Plague having now so much spread, that there have e'en been one or two Cases in *Chalfont*. The only One to seek for Employment has been poor *Anne*, whose great Resources
at

at Home have ever been church-going and visiting poor Folk. She can do neither here, for we keep close, even on the Sabbath; and she can neither read to Father, take long, lonely Rambles, nor help Mother in her Housewifery. Howbeit, a Resource hath at length turned up; for the lonely Cot (which is the only Dwelling within Sight) has become the Refuge of a poor, pious Widow, whose only Daughter, a Weaver of Gold and Silver Lace, has been thrown out of Employ by the present Stagnation of all Business. *Anne* picked up an Acquaintance with

1665.

1665.

with 'em shortly after our coming; and, being by Nature a Hoarder, in an innocent Way, so as always to have a few Shillings by her for charitable Uses, when *Mary* and I have none, she hath improved her Commerce with *Joan Elliott* to that Degree, as to get her to teach her her pretty Business, at the Price of the Contents of her little Purse. So these two sit harmoniously at their Loom, within Earshot of Father and me, while he dictates to me his wondrous Poem. We are nearing the End of it now, and have reached the Reconciliation of *Adam* and *Eve*, which, I think, affected him a good deal,

deal, and abstracted his Mind all the Evening; for why, else, should he have so forgotten himself as to call me sweet *Moll*? *Mary* lookt up, thinking he meant her; but he never calls her *Moll* or *Molly*; and, I believe, was quite unaware he had done so to me: but it showed the Course his Mind was taking.

This Morning, I was straying down a Blackthorn Lane, when a blue-eyed, fresh-coloured young Lady, in a sad-coloured Skirt, and large-flapped Beaver, without either Feather or Buckle, swept by me on a small white Palfrey. She held a Bunch of Tiger Lilies in her Hand,
the

1665.

1665.

the gayety of which contrasted strangely enough with her sober Appearance; and I wondered why a peculiar Class of Folks should deem they please God by wearing the dullest of Colours, when He hath arrayed the Flowers of the Field in the liveliest of Hues. Somehow, I conceived her to be Mistress *Guilielma Springett*—and so, indeed, she proved; for, on reaching Home after a lengthened Ramble, I saw the Tiger Lilies lying on the Table, and found she had spent a full Hour with Father, who much relished her Talk. Sure, she might have brought a blind Man Flowers that
had

had some Fragrance, however dull of hue.

1665.

To-day, as we were sitting under the Hedge, we heard a rough Voice shouting, "Hoy! hoy! what are you about there?" To which another Man's Voice, just over against us, deprecatingly replied, "No Harm, "I promise you, Master. . . . We "have clean Bills of Health; and "my Wife and I, Foot-fore and "hungry, do but Purpose to fet up "our little Cabin against the Bank, "till the Sabbath is overpast."

"But you must fet it up Some-
"where else," cries the other, who
was the *Chalfont* Constable; "for
"we

1665.

“we *Chalfont* Folks are very particular, and can’t have Strangers come harbouring here in our Highways and Hedges,—dying, and making themselves disagreeable.”

“But we don’t mean to die or be disagreeable,” says the other. “We are on our Way to my Wife’s Parish; and, sure, you cannot stop us on the King’s Highway.”

“Oh! but we can, though,” says the Constable. “And, besides, this is not the King’s Highway, but only a Bye-way, which is next to private Property; and the Gentleman at present in Occupation of
“that

“that private Property will be highly
“and justly offended if you go to
“give him the Plague.”

1665.

“That’s me,” says Father. “Do
“tell him, *Deb*, not to be so hard on
“the poor People, but to let them
“abide where they are till the Sab-
“bath is over. I dare say they have
“clean Bills of Health, as they state,
“and the Spot is so lonely, they need
“not be denied Fire and Water, which
“is next to Excommunication.”

So I parleyed with *John Constable*,
and he parleyed with the Travellers,
who really had Passports, and seemed
Honest as well as Sound. So they
were permitted, without Let or
Hindrance,

1665.

Hindrance, to erect their little Booth; and in a little while they had collected Sticks enough to light a Fire, the Smoke of which annoyed us not, because we were to Windward.

“What have we for Dinner To-day?” says Father.

“A cold Shoulder of Mutton,” says Mother, who had thrown ’em a couple of Cabbages.

“Well,” says Father, “’twas to a cold Shoulder of Mutton that *Samuel* set down *Saul*; and what was good enough for a Prophet may well content a Poet. I propose, that what we leave of ours
“To-day,

“To-day, should be given to these
“poor People for their Sabbath’s
“Dinner; and I, for one, shall eat
“no Meat To-day.”

1665.

In fact, none did but *Mary* and
Mother, who find fasting not good
for their Stomachs; for *Anne*, who
is the most fearlesse of us all,
handed the Joint over to them, with
some broken Bread and Dripping,
which was most thankfully received.
In Truth, I believe them harmlesse
People, for they are now a singing
Psalms.

Ellwood has turned up agayn, to
the great Pleasure of Father, who
delights

1665.

delights in his Company, and likes his Reading better than ours, though he *will* call Pater Payter. Consequence is, I have infinitely more Leisure, and can ramble hither and thither, (always shunning Wayfarers), and bring Home my Lap (full of Flowers and Weeds, with rusticall Names, such as *Ragged Robin*, *Sneezewort*, *Cream - and - Codlins*, *Jack-in-the-Hedge*, or *Sauce-alone*. Many of these I knew not before; but I describe them to Father, and he tells me what they are. He hath finished his Poem, and given it *Ellwood* to read, in the most careless Fashion imaginable, saying, "You
" can

“can take this Home, and run
“through it at your Leisure. I
“should like to hear your Judgment
“on it some Time or other.” Nor
do I believe he has ever since given
himself an uneasy Thought of what
that Judgment may be, nor what
the World at large may think of it.
His Pleasure is not in Praise but
Production; the last makes him
now and then a little feverish; the
other, or its want, never. Just at
last, 'twas hard Work to us both;
he was like a Wheel running down-
hill, that must get to the End before
it stopped. Mother scolded him,
and made him promise he would
leave

1665.

1665.

leave off for a Week or so; at least, she says he did, and he says he did not, and asks her whether, if the Grafs had promised not to grow she would believe it.

Poor *Ellwood's* Love-bonds prove rather more irksome to him than those of his Gaol; he hath renewed his Intercourse with our Friends at the *Grange*, only to find a dangerous Rival stepped into his Place, in the Person of one *William Penn*—in fact, I suspect Mistress *Guli* is engaged to him already. *Ellwood* hath been closetted with my Father this Morning, pouring out his Woes—methinks he must have been to seek for a
Confidant!

Confidant! When he came forth, the poor young Man's Eyes were red. I cannot but pity him, tho' he is such a Formalist.

1665.

I wish *Anne* were a little more demonstrative; Father would then be as assured of her Affection as of mine, and treat her with equal Tenderness. But, no, she cannot be; she will fitt and look piteously on his blind Face, but, alas! he cannot see that; and when he pours forth the full Tide of Melody on his Organ, and hymns mellifluous Praise, the Tears rush to her Eyes, and she is oft obliged to quit the Chamber; but, alas! he knows not that

1665.

that. So he goes on, deeming her, I fear me, stupid as well as silent, indifferent as well as infirm.

I am not avised of her ever having let him feel her Sympathy, save when he was inditing to me his third Book, while she sat at her Sewing. 'Twas at these lines:—

*“Thus with the Year,
“Seasons return; but not to me re-
“turns
“Day, or the sweet Approach of Even
“or Morn,
“Or Sight of vernal Bloom or Sum-
“mer's Rose,
“Or*

" Or Flocks or Herds, or human Face

1665.

" divine,

" But Clouds instead, and ever-during

" Dark

" Surrounds me ; from the cheerful

" Ways of Men

" Cut off : and for the Book of Know-

" ledge fair,

" Presented with an universal Blank."

His Brow was a little contracted, but his Face was quite composed ; while she, on t'other Hand, with her Work dropped from her Lap, and her Eyes streaming, fate gazing on him, the Image of Woe. At length, timidly stole to his Side, and, after

K

hesitating

1665.

hesitating awhile, kissed both his Eyelids. He caught her to him, quite taken by Surprise, and, for a Moment, both wept bitterly. This was soon put a Stop to, by Mother's coming in, with her Head full of stale Fish; howbeit Father treated *Anne* with uncommon Tenderness all that Evening, calling her his sweet *Nan*; while she, shrinking back again into her Shell, was shyer than ever. But his Spirits were soothed rather than dashed by this little Outbreak; and at Bedtime, he said, even cheerfully, "Now, good-night, Girls: . . . may it, indeed, "be as good to you as to me.
"You

“You know, Night brings back my
“Day—*I am not blind in my Dreams.*”

1665.

I wish I knew the Distinction
between Temperament and Genius:
how far Father's even Frame is at-
tributable to one or t'other. If to
the former, why, we might hope
to attain it as well as he;—yet, no;
this is equallie the Gift of God's
Grace. Our Humours we may
controwl, but our Temperament is
born with us; and if one should
say, “Why are you a Vessel of
“glorious things, while I am a Vessel
“of Things weak and vile?”—nay,
but oh! Man or Woman, who art
thou

1665.

thou that questionest the Will of God? His Election is shewn no less in the Gift of Genius or of an equable Temperament than of spirituall Life; and the Thing formed may not say to him that formed it, "Why hast thou made me thus?"

Father, indeed, can flame out in political Controversy, and lay about him as with a Flail, right and left, making the Chaff, and sometimes the Wheat too, fly about his Ears. 'Twas while threshing the Wheat by the Wine-press at *Ophrah*, that *Gideon* was called by the Angel; and methinks Father hath in like Manner been summoned from the Floor of
his

1665.

his Threshing, to discourse of Heaven and Earth, and bring forth from his Mind's Storehouse Things new and old. I wonder if the World will ever give heed to his Teaching. Suppose a Spark of Fire should drop some Night on the Manuscript, while *Ellwood* is dozing over it;—why, there's an end on't. I suppose Father could never do it over again. I wonder how many fine Things have been lost in suchlike Ways; or whether God ever permits a truly fine Thing to be utterly lost. We may drop a Diamond into the Sea; but there it is, at the Bottom of the Great Deep. *Justinian's Pandects* turned

1665.

turned up again. The Art of making Glafs was loft once. The Passage round the *Cape* was made and forgotten.—If I pore over this, I fhall puzzle my Head. Howbeit, were I to round the *Cape*, I fhould hardly look for ftranger and more glorious Scenes than Father hath in his Poem made familiar to me. He hath done more for me than *Columbus* for Queen *Ifabel*—hath revealed to me a far better *New World*. Now, I fcarce ever look on the fetting Sun, furrounded by Hues more gorgeous than thofe of the High-priest's Breast-plate, without picturing the Angel of the Sun feated on that
bright

1665.

bright Beam which bore him, Slope downward, beneath the *Azores*. And, in the less brilliant Hour, I, by Faith or Fancy, discern *Ithuriel* and *Zephon* in the Shade; and by their Side a third, of regal Port, but faded Splendour wan. A little later still, can sometimes hear the Voice of God, or, as I suppose, we might say, the Word of God, walking in the Garden. *Pneuma!* His Breath! His Spirit! How hushed and still! Then, the Night cometh, when no Man can work—when the young Lions, in tropical Climes, waking from their Day-sleep, seek their Meat from God. Albeit they may prow! about
the

1665.

the Dwellings of his people, they cannot enter, for He that watcheth them neither slumbers nor sleeps. Moreover, heavenly Vigils relieve one another at their Posts, and go their Midnight Rounds; sometimes, singing (Father says), with heavenly Touch of instrumental Sounds, in full harmonic Number joined. . . . yes, and Shepherds, once, at least, have heard them.

And then and then Mother cries, "How often, *Deb*, shall I bid "you lock the Gate at nine o'Clock, "and bring me in the Key?"

Sept. 2nd.

Good so! Master *Ellwood* hath
brought

brought back the MS. at last, and delivered his Approbation thereon with the Air of a competent Authority, which Father took in the utmost good part, and chatted with him on the Subject for some Time. Howbeit, he is not much flattered, I fancy, by the Quaker's pragmatick Sanction, qualifyde, too, as it was, to shew his own Discernment; and when I consider that the major part of Criticks may be as little fitted to take the Measure of their Subject as *Ellwood* is of Father, I cannot but see that the gleaning of Father's Grapes is better than the Vintage of the Critick's *Abiezer*.

1665.

To

1665.

To wind up all, *Ellwood*, primming up his Mouth, says, "Thou hast "found much to tell us, Friend "*Milton*, on *Paradise Lost*;—now, "what hast thou to tell of *Paradise* "*Regained*?"

Father said nothing at the Time, but hath since been brooding a good deal, and keeping me much to the Reading of the *New Testament*; and I think my Night-work will soon begin again.

Ellwood's Talk was much of *Guli Springett*, whom I have seen sundry times, and think high-flown, in spite of her levelling Principles and demure Carriage. The Youth is bewitched

1665.

bewitched with her, I think; what has a Woman to do with Logique? My Belief is, he might as well hope to marry the Moon as to win Mistress *Springett's* Hand; however, his Self-opinion is considerable. He chode Father this Morning for Organ-playing, saying he doubted its lawfulness. Oh, the Prigg!

I grieve to think *Mary* can sometimes be a little spightfull as well as unduteous. She is ill at her Pen, and having To-day made some Blunder, for which Father chid her, not overmuch, she rudely made Answer, "I never had a Writing-master." *Betty*, being by, treasured

1665.

fured up, as I could see, this ill-natured Speech: and 'twas unfair too; for, if we never had a Writing-master, yet my Aunt *Agar* taught us; and 'twas our own Fault if we improved no more. Indeed, we have had a scrambling Sort of Education; but, in many respects, our Advantages have exceeded those of many young Women; and among them I reckon, first and foremost, continuall Intercourse with a superior Mind.

If a Piece of mere Leather, by frequent Contact, with Silver, acquires a certain Portion of the pure and bright Metal; sure, the Children

dren of a gifted Parent must, by the Collision of their Minds, insensibly, as 'twere, imbibe somewhat of his finer Parts. *Ned Phillips*, indeed, sayth we are like People living so close under a big Mountain, as not to know how high it is; but I think we at least, I do. And, whatever be our scant Learnings, Father, despite his limited Means, hath never grutched us the Supply of a reall Want; and is, at this Time, paying *Joan Elliott* at a good Rate for perfecting *Anne* in her pretty Work. I am sorry *Mary* should thus have sneaped him; and I am sorry I ever either hurt him—by uncivil

1665.

1665.

civil Speech, or wronged him by unkind Thought. Poor *Nan*, with all her Infirmities, is, perhaps, his best Child. Not that I am a bad one, neither.

My Night-tasks have recommenced of late ; because, as he says—

*“ I suoi Pensieri in lui Dormir non
ponno ; ”*

which, being interpreted, means, “ His Thoughts would let him and “ his Daughter take no rest.”

12th.

I know not that any one but Father hath ever concerned themselves to imagine the Anxieties of the blessed Virgin during her Son's
forty

forty Days' mysterious Absence. No wonder that

1665.

*"Within her Breast, tho' calm,
"her Breast, tho' pure,
"Motherly Fears got Head."*

Father hath touched her with a very tender and reverent Hand, dwelling less on her than he did on *Eve*, whom he with perfect Beauty adorned, onlie to make her Sin appear more Sad. Well, we know not ourselves; but methinks I should not have transgressed as she did, neither, for an Apple.

And now I have transgressed about a Pin! O me! what weak, wicked
Wretches

15th.

1665.

Wretches we are! "Behold, how
"great a Matter a little Fire
"kindleth!" And the Tongue is a
Fire, an unruly Member. Sure,
when I was writing, at Father's
Dictation, such heavy Charges against
Eve, I privily thought I was better
than she; and, sifting the Doings
of *Mary* and *Anne* through a some-
what censorious Judgment, maybe
I thought I was better than they.
Alas! we know not our own selves.
And so, dropping a Stitch in my
Knitting, I must needs cry out—
"Here, any of you . . . oh, Mother!
"do bring me a Pin." My Sisters,
as Ill-luck would have it, not being
by,

by, cries she, "Forfooth, Manners
"have come to a fine Pass in these
"Days! Bring her a Pin, quotha!"
Instead of making answer, "Well,
"'twas disrespectful; I ask your
"Pardon;" I must mutter, "I see
"what I'm valued at—less than a
"Pin."

"*Deb*, don't be unduteous," says
Father to me. "Woulde it not
"have been better to fetch what you
"wanted, than strangely ask your
"Mother to bring it?"

"And thereby spoil my Work,"
answered I; "but 'tis no Matter."

"'Tis a great Matter to be un-
"civil," says Father.

1665.

“Oh! dear Husband, do not concern yourself,” interrupts Mother; “the Girl’s incivility is no new Matter, I protest.”

On this, a Battle of Words on both sides, ending in Tears, Bitterness, and my being sent by Father to my Chamber till Dinner. “And, “*Deb*,” he adds, gravely, but not harshly, “take no Book with you, “unless it be your *Bible*.”

Soe, hither, with swelling Heart, I have come. I never drew on myself such Condemnation before—at least, since childish Days; and could be enraged with Mother, were I not enraged with myself. I’m in no
Hurry

Hurry for Dinner-time; I cannot sober down. My Temples beat, and my Throat has a great Lump in it. Why was *Nan* out of the Way? Yet, would she have made Things better? I was in no Fault at first, that's certain; Mother took Offence where none was meant; but I meant Offence afterwards. Lord, have mercy upon me! I can ask Thy Forgiveness, though not hers. And I could find it in me to ask Father's too, and say, "I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy . . . thy *Hear-ing!*" And now I come to write that Word, I have a Mind to cry; and the Lump goes down, and I feel earnest

1665.

1665.

earnest to look into my *Bible*, and more humbled towards Mother. And what is it Father says?—

*“What better can I do, than to the
“Place*

*“Repairing, where he judged me,
“there confess*

*“Humbly my Fault, and Pardon beg,
“with Tears*

*“Of Sorrow unfeign'd, and Humilia-
“tion meek?”*

. . . . He met me at the very first Word. “I knew you would,” he said; “I knew the kindest Thing
“was to send you to commune with
“your

“your own Heart in your Chamber,
“and be still. ’Tis there we find
“the Holy Spirit and Holy Saviour
“in waiting for us; and in the
“House where they abide, as long
“as they abide in it, there is no
“Room for *Satan* to enter. But let
“this Morning’s Work, *Deb*, be a
“Warning to you, not thus to trans-
“gress again. As long as we are in
“peaceful Communion among our-
“selves, there is a fine, invisible
“Cobweb, too clear for mortal
“Sight, spun from Mind to Mind,
“which the least Breath of Discord
“rudely breaks. You owe to your
“Mother a Daughter’s Reverence ;
and

1665.

1665.

“and if you behave like a Child,
“you must look to be punished like a
“Child.”

“I am not a mere Baby, neither,”
I said.

“No,” he replied. “I see you
“can make Distinction between
“*Teknia* and *Paidia*; but a Baby
“is the more inoffensive and less
“responsible Agent of the two. If
“you are content to be a Baby in
“Grace, you must not contend for a
“Baby’s Immunities. I have heard
“a Baby cry pretty loudly about a
“Pin.”

This shut my Mouth close
enough.

“You

“You are now,” he added gently,
“nearly as old as your Mother was
“when I married her.”

1665.

I said, “I fear I am not much
“like her.”

He said nothing, only smiled. I
made bold to pursue:—“What was
she like?”

Again he was silent, at least for
a Minute; and then, in quite a
changed Tone, with somewhat hur-
ried in it, cried,—

“Like the fresh Sweetbriar and early

“May!

“Like the fresh, cool, pure Air of

“opening Day . . .

“Like

1665.

*"Like the gay Lark, sprung from the
"glittering Dew . . .*

*"An Angel! yet . . . a very Woman
"too!"*

And, kicking back his Chair, he got up, and began to walk hastily about the Chamber, as fearlessly as he always does when he is thinking of something else, I springing up to move one or two Chairs out of his Way. Hearing some high Voices in the Offices, he presently observed, "A contentious Woman is like a
"continuall Dropping. *Shakspeare*
"spoke well when he said that a
"sweet, low Voice is an excellent
"Thing

“Thing in Woman. I wish you
“good Women would recollect that
“one Avenue of my Senses being
“stopt, makes me keener to any
“Impression on the others. Where
“Strife is, there is Confusion and
“every evil Work. Why should
“not we dwell in Peace, in this
“quiet little Nest, instead of ren-
“dering our Home liker to a Cage
“of unclean Birds?”

1666.

Bunhill Fields, London,

Oct. 1666.

People have phansied Appearances
of Armies in the Air, flaming Swords,
Fields of Battle, and other Images;
and,

1666.

and, truly, the Evening before we left *Chalfont*, methought I beheld the Glories of the ancient City *Ctesiphon* in the Sunset Clouds, with gilded Battlements, conspicuous far—Turrets, and Terraces, and glittering Spires. The light-armed *Parthians* pouring through the Gates, in Coats of Mail, and military Pride. In the far Perspective of the open Plain, two ancient Rivers, the one winding, t'other straight, losing themselves in the glowing Distance, among the Tents of the ten lost Tribes. Such are One's Dreams at Sunset. And, when I cast down my dazed Eyes on the shaded Landskip,
all

all looked in Comparifon, fo black and bleak, that methought how dull and dreary this lower World muft have appeared to *Mofes* when he defcended from *Horeb*, and to our Saviour, when he came down from the *Mount of Transfiguration*, and to *St. Paul*, when he dropt from the feventh Heaven.

What a Click, Click, the Brick-layers make with their Trowels, thus bringing me down from my Altitudes! Sure, we hardly knew how well off we were at *Chalfont*, till we came back to this unlucky Capital, looking as defolate as *Jerufalem*, when the City was ruinated and the
People

1666.

1666.

People captivated. Weeds in the Streets—smouldering Piles—blackened, tottering Walls—and inexhaustible Heaps of vile Rubbish. Even with closed Windows, everything gets covered with a Coating of fine Dust. Cousin *Jack* Yesterday picked up a half-burnt Acceptance for twenty thousand Pounds. There is a fine Time coming for Builders and Architects—*Anne's* Lover among the Rest. The Way she picked him up was notable. Returning to Town, she falls to her old Practices of daily Prayers and visiting the Poor. At Church she sits over against a good-looking young Man, recovered from
the

the Plague, whose near Approach to Death's Door had made him more godly in his Walk than the general of his Age and Condition. He notes her beautiful Face—marks not her deformed Shape; and, because that, by Reason of the late Distresses, the Calamities of the Poor have been met by unusuall Charities of the upper Classes, he, on his Errands of Mercy among the Rest, presently falls in with her at a poor sick Man's House, and marvels when the limping Stranger turns about and discovers the beautiful Votares. After one or two chance Meetings, respectfully accosts her—*Anne* draws back—he

1666.

1666.

he finds a mutuall Friend—the Acquaintance progresses; and at length, by Way of first Introduction to my Father, he steps in to ask him (preamble supposed) to give him his eldest Daughter. Then what a Storm ensues! Father's Objections do not transpire, no one being by but Mother, who is unlikely to soften Matters. But, so soon as *John Herring* shuts the Door behind him, and walks off quickly, *Anne* is called down, and I follow, neither bidden nor hindered. Thereupon, Father, with a red Heat-spot on his Cheek, asks *Anne* what she knows of this young Man. Her answer,

“Nothing

"Nothing but good." "How came
"the to know him at all?"
Silent; then makes Answer, "Has
"seen him at Mrs. *French's* and else-
"where." "Where else?" "Why,
"at Church, and other Places."
Mother here puts in, "What other
"Places?" "Sure what can it
"signify," *Anne* asks, turning short
round upon her; "and especially to
"you, who would be glad to get
"quit of me on any Terms?"

"*Anne, Anne!*" interrupts Father,
"does this Concern of ours for you
"look like it? You know you are
"saying what is uncivil and untrue."

"Well," resumes *Anne*, her breath
coming

1666.

1666.

coming quick, "but what's the Objection to *John Herring*?"

"*John*? is he *John* with you "already?" cries Mother. "Then "you must know more of him than "you say."

"Sure, Mother," cries *Anne*, bursting into Tears, "you are enough to "overcome the Patience of *Job*. I "know nothing of the young Man, "but that he is pious, and steady, "and well read, and a good Son of "reputable Parents, as well to do in "the World as ourselves; and that he "likes me, whom few like, and offers "me a quiet, happy Home."

"How fast some People can talk
"when

"when they like," observes Mother ; at which Allusion to *Anne's* Impediment, I dart at her a Look of Wrath ; but *Nan* only continues weeping.

1666.

"Come hither, Child," interposes Father, holding his Hand towards her ; "and you, good *Betty*, leave
"us awhile to talk over this without
"Interruption." At which, Mother, taking him literally, sweeps up her Work, and quits the Room. "The
"Address of this young Man," says Father, "has taken me wholly by
"Surprise, and your Encouragement
"of it has incontestably had some-
"what of clandestine in it ; notwith-
"standing which, I have, and can
M "have

1666.

“have, nothing in View, dear *Nan*,
“but your Well-being. As to his
“Calling, I take no Exceptions at it,
“even though, like *Cæmentarius*, he
“should say, I am a Bricklayer, and
“have got my Living by my La-
“bour—”

“A Master-builder, not a Brick-
“layer,” interposes *Anne*.

Father stopt for a Moment; then
resumed. . . . “You talk of his offering
“you a quiet Home: why should
“you be dissatisfied with your own,
“where, in the Main, we are all
“very happy together? In these
“evil Times, ’tis something con-
“siderable to have, as it were, a
“little

“little Chamber on the Wall, where
“your Candle is lighted by the
“Lord, your Table spread by him,
“your Bed made by him in your
“Health and Sicknefs, and where
“he ftands behind the Door, ready
“to come in and fup with you.
“All this you will leave for One
“you know not. How bitterly may
“you hereafter look back on your
“prefent Lot! You know, I have
“the Apoftle’s Word for it, that, if
“I give you in Marriage, I may do
“well; but, if I give you not, I
“fhall do better. The unmarried
“Woman careth for the Things of
“the Lord, that ſhe may be holy
“in

1666.

1666.

“in Body and Spirit, and attend
“upon him without Distraction.
“Thus was it with the five wise
“Maidens, who kept their Lamps
“ready trimmed until the Coming
“of their Lord. I wish we only
“knew of five that were foolish.
“Time would fail me to tell you
“of all the godly Women, both of
“the elder and later Time, who
“have led single Lives without Su-
“perstition, and without Hypocrisy.
“Howbeit, you may marry if you
“will; but you will be wiser if
“you abide as you are, after my
“Judgment. Let me not to the
“Marriage of true Minds oppose
“Impediment;

“Impediment; but, in your own
“Cafe—”

1666.

“Father,” interrupts *Anne*, “you
“know I am ill at speaking; but
“permit me to say, you are now
“talking wide of the Mark. With-
“out going back to the Beginning
“of the World, or all through the
“*Romish Calendar*, I will content
“me with the more recent Instance
“of yourself, who have thrice pre-
“ferred Marriage, with all its con-
“comitant Evils, to the single State
“you laud so highly. Is it any
“Reason we should not dwell in a
“House, because *St. Jerome* lived in
“a Cave? The godly Women of
“whom

1666.

“whom you speak might neither
“have had so promising a Home
“offered to them, nor so ill a
“Home to quit.”

“What call you an ill Home?”
says Father, his Brow darkening.

“I call that an ill Home,” returns
Anne, stoutly, “where there is
“neither Union nor Sympathy—at
“at least, for my Share,—where
“there are no Duties of which I
“can well acquit myself, and where
“those I have made for myself, and
“find suitable to my Capacity and
“Strength, are contemned, let, and
“hindered,—where my Mother-
“Church, my Mother’s Church, is
“reviled—

1666.

“reviled—my Mother’s Family de-
“spised,—where the few Friends
“I have made are never asked, while
“every Attention I pay them is
“grudged,—where, for keeping all
“my hard Usage from my Father’s
“Hearing, all the Reward I get is
“his thinking I have no hard Usage
“to bear—”

“Hold, ungrateful Girl!” says
Father; “I’ve heard enough, and
“too much. ’Tis Time wasted to
“reason with a Woman. I do
“believe there never yet was one
“who would not start aside like
“a broken Bow, or pierce the
“Side like a snapt Reed, at the
“very

1666.

“very Moment most Dependance
“was placed in her. Let her
“Husband humour her to the Top
“of her Bent,—she takes French
“Leave of him, departs to her
“own Kindred, and makes Af-
“fection for her Childhood’s Home
“the Pretext for defying the Laws
“of God and Man. Let her
“Father cherish her, pity her,
“bear with her, and shelter her
“from even the Knowledge of the
“Evils of the World without,—
“her Ingratitude will keep Pace
“with her Ignorance, and she will
“forsake him for the Sweetheart of
“a Week. You think Marriage
“the

“the supreme Bliss: a good many
“don’t find it so. Lively Passions
“soon burn out; and then come
“disappointed Expectancies, vain
“Repinings, fretful Complaining,
“wrathful Rejoinings. You fly from
“Collision with jarring Minds: what
“Security have you for more For-
“bearance among your new Con-
“nexions? Alas! you will carry
“your Temper with you—you will
“carry your bodily Infirmities with
“you;—your little Stock of Expe-
“rience, Reason, and Patience will
“be exhausted before the Year is out,
“and at the End, perhaps, you will
“—die—”

1666.

“As

1666.

“As well die,” cries *Anne*, bursting into Tears, “as live to hear such a “Rebuke as this.” And so, passionately wringing her Hands, runs out of the Room.

“Follow after her, *Deb*,” cries Father; “she is beside herself. Un-
“happy me! tried every Way! An
“*Ædipus* with no *Antigone*!”

And, rising from his Seat, he began to pace up and down, while I ran up to *Nan*. But scarce had I reached the Stair-head, when we both heard a heavy Fall in the Chamber below. We cried, “Sure, “that is Father!” and ran down quicker than we had run up. He
was

was just rising as we entered, his Foot having caught in a long Coil of Gold Lace, which *Anne*, in her disorderly Exit, had unwittingly dragged after her. I saw at a Glance he was annoyed rather than hurt; but *Nan*, without a Moment's Pause, darts into his Arms, in a Passion of Pity and Repentance, crying, "Oh, Father, Father, forgive me! oh, Father!"

"'Tis all of a Piece, *Nan*," he replies; "alternate hot and cold; every Thing for Passion, nothing for Reason. Now all for me; a Minute ago, I might go to the Wall for *John Herring*."

"No,

1666.

1666.

“No, never, Father!” cries *Anne*;
“never, dear Father—”

“Dark are the Ways of God,”
continues he, unheeding her; “not
“only annulling his first best Gift of
“Light to me, and leaving me a
“Prey to daily Contempt, Abuse,
“and Wrong, but mangling my
“tendrest, most apprehensive Feel-
“ings—”

Anne again breaks in with, “Oh!
“Father, Father!”

“Dark, dark, for ever dark!” he
went on; “but just are the Ways of
“God to Man. Who shall say,
“‘What doest Thou?’”

“Father, I promise you,” says
Anne,

Anne, "that I will never more think
"of *John Herring*."

1666.

"Foolish Girl!" he replies sadly;
"as ready now to promise too Much,
"as resolute just now to hear Nothing.
"How can you promise never to
"think of him? I never asked it of
"you."

"At least I can promise not to
"speak of him," says *Anne*.

"Therein you will do wisely," re-
joins Father. "My Consent having
"been asked is an Admission that
"I have a Right to give or with-
"hold it; and, as I have already
"told *John Herring*, I shall cer-
"tainly not grant it before you are
"of

1666.

“of Age. Perhaps by that Time
“you may be your own Mistrefs,
“without even fuch an ill Home
“as I, while I live, can afford
“you.”

“No more of that,” fays *Anne*,
interrupting him; and a Kifs fealed
the Compact.

All this Time, Mother and *Mary*
were, providentially, out of the Way.
Mother had gone off in a Huff, and
Mary was bufied in making fome
marbled Veal.

The reft of the Day was dull
enough : violent Emotions are com-
monly fucceeded by flat Stagnations.
Anne, however, feemed kept up by
fome

some Energy from within, and looked a little flushed. At Bed-time she got the start of me, as usual; and, on entering our Chamber, I found her quite undrest, sitting at the Table, not reading of her *Bible*, but with her Head resting on it. I should have taken her to be asleep, but for the quick Pulsation of some Nerve or Muscle at the back of the Neck, somewhere under the right Ear. She looks up, commences rubbing her Eyes, and says, "My Eyes are full of Sand, I think. I will give you my new Crown-piece, *Deb*, if you will read me to sleep without another Word." So

1666.

1666.

I say, "A Bargain," though without meaning to take the Crown; and she jumps into Bed in a Minute, and I begin at the Sermon on the Mount, and keep on and on, in more and more of a Monotone; but every Time I lookt up, I saw her Eyes wide open, agaze at the top of the Bed; and so I go on and on, like a Bee humming over a Flower, till she shuts her Eyes; but, at last, when I think her off, having just got to *Matthew*, eleven, twenty-eight, she fetches a deep sigh, and says, "I wish I could hear Him saying so to me 'Come, *Anne*,
"unto me, and I will give you
"Rest."

“ ‘ Rest.’ But, in fact, He does so
“ as emphatically in addressing all
“ the weary and heavy-laden, as if
“ I heard Him articulating, ‘ Come,
“ ‘ *Anne*, come ! ’ ”

1680.

POST SCRIPTUM.

Spitalfields, 1680.

A generous Mind finds even its
just Resentments languish and die
away when their Object becomes
the unresisting prey of Death. Such
is my Experience with regard to
Betty Fisher, whose ill Life hath

N

now

1680.

now terminated, and from whom, confronted at the Bar of their great Judge, Father will, one Day, hear the Truth. As to my Stepmother, Time and Distance have had their soothing Effect on me even regarding her. She is down in *Cheshire*, among her own People; is a hale, hearty Woman yet, and will very likely outlive me. If she looked in on me this Moment, and saw me in this homely but decent Suit, sitting by my clear Coal-fire, in this little oak-panelled Room, with a clean, though coarse Cloth neatly laid on the Supper Table, with Covers for two, could she sneer at the Spouse of the

Spitalfields

Spitalfields Weaver? Belike she might, for Spight never wanted Food; but I would have her into the Nurfery, shew her the two sleeping Faces, and ask her, Did I need her Pity then?

1680.

Betty's Death, calling up Memories of old Times, hath made me somewhat cynical, I think. I cannot but call to Mind her many ill Turns. 'Twas shortly after the Rupture of *Anne's* Match with *John Herring*. Poor *Nan* had over-reckoned on her own Strength of Mind, when she promised Father to speak of him no more; and, after the first Fervour of Self-denial, be-

came

1680.

came so captious, that Father said he heard *John Herring* in every Tone. This set them at Variance, to commence with; and then, *Mary* detecting *Betty* in certain Malpractices, Mother could no longer keep her, for Decency's Sake; and *Betty*, in revenge, came up to Father before she left, and told him a tiffue of Lies concerning us,—how that *Mary* had wished him dead, and I had made away with his Books and Kitchen-stuff. I, being at *Hackney* at the Time, on a Visitt to *Rosamond Woodcock*, was not by to refute the infamous Charge, which had Time to rankle in Father's Mind

Mind before I returned; and *Mary* having lost his Opinion by previous Squabbles with Mother and the Maids, I came back only to find the House turned upside down. 'Twas under these misfortunate Circumstances that poor Father commenced his *Sampson Agonistes*; and, though his Object was, primarily, to divert his Mind, it too often ran upon Things around him, and made his Poem the Shadow and Mirrour of himself. When he got to *Dalilah*, I could not forbear saying, "How hard you are upon Women, Father!"

"Hard?" repeated he; "I think
"I am anything but that. Do you
"call

1680.

“call me hard on *Eve*, and the Lady
“in *Comus* ?”

“No, indeed,” I returned. “The
“Lady, like *Una*, makes Sunshine
“in a shady Place; and, in fact,
“how should it be otherwise? For
“Truth and Purity, like Diamonds,
“shine in the Dark.”

He smiled, and, passing his Hand
across his Brow to re-collect himself,
went on in a freer, less biting Spirit,
to the Encounter with *Harapha* of
Gath, in which he evidently revelled,
even to making me laugh, when the
big, cowardly Giant excused himself
from coming within the blind Man's
Reach, by saying of him, that he
had

had need of much washing to be willingly touched. He went on flowingly to

1680.

"But take good Heed my Hand

"survey not thee ;

"My Heels are fetter'd, but my Fist

"is free,"

and then broke into a merry Laugh himself; adding, a Line or two after,

"His Giantship is gone, somewhat

"crest-fallen ;

" . . . there, Girl, that will do for

"To-day."

Meantime, his greater Poem had
come

1680.

come out, for which he had got an immediate Payment of five Pounds, with a conditional Expectance of fifteen Pounds more on the three following Editions, should the Public ever call for 'em. And truly, when one considers how much Meat and Drink One may buy for Twenty Pounds, and how capricious is the Taste of the critikal World, 'tis no mean Venture of a Bookfeller on a Manuscript of which he knows the actual value as little as a Salvage of the Gold-dust he parts with for a Handful of old Nails. At all events, the Sale of the Work gave Father no Reason to suppose he had made
an

an ill Bargain; but, indeed, he gave himself very little Concern about it; and was quite satisfied when, now and then, Mr. *Marvell* and Mr. *Skinner*, or some other old Crony, having waded through it, looked in on him to talk it over. Money, indeed, a little more of it, would have been often acceptable. Mother now began to pinch us pretty short, and lament the unfaleable Quality of Father's Productions; also to call us a Set of lazy Drones, and wonder what would come of us some future Day; insomuch that Father, turning the Matter sedately in his Mind, did seriously conclude 'twould
be

1680.

be well for us to go forth for a While, to learn some Method of Self-support. And this was accelerated by an unhappy Collifion 'twixt my Mother and me, which, in a hafty Moment, fent me, with fwelling Heart, to take Counfel of Mrs. *Lefroy*, my sometime Playfellow *Rofamond Woodcock*, then on the Point of embarking for *Ireland*; who volunteered to take me with her, and be at my Charges; fo I took leave of Father with a burfting Heart, not troubling him with an Inkling of my Ill-ufage, which has been a Comfort to me ever fince, though he went to the Grave believing

lieving I had only fought my own Well-doing.

1680.

We never met again. Had I foreseen it, I could not have left him. The next Stroke was to get away *Mary* and *Anne*, and take back *Betty Fisher*. Then the nuncupative Will was hatched up; for I never will believe it authentick—no, never; and Sir *Leoline Jenkins*, that upright and able Judge, set it aside, albeit *Betty Fisher* would swear through thick and thin.

Sure, Things must have come to a pretty Pass, when Father was brought to take his Meals in the Kitchen! a Thing he had never been

1680.

been accustomed to in his Life, save at *Chalfont*, by Reason of the Par-
lour being so small. And the Words, both as to Sense and Choice, which *Betty* put into his Mouth, betrayed the Counterfeit, by favouring over-much of the Scullion. “God have
“Mercy, *Betty*! I see thou wilt per-
“form according to thy Promise, in
“providing me such Dishes as I
“think fit whilst I live; and when
“I die, thou knowest I have left
“thee all!” Phanfy Father talking like that! Were I not so provoked, I could laugh. And he to sell his Children’s Birthright for a Mefs of Pottage, who, instead of
loving

loving favoury Meat, like blind *Isaac*, was, in fact, the most temperate of Men! who cared not what he ate, so 'twas sweet and clean; who might have said with godly *Mr. Ball* of *Whitmore*, that he had two Dishes of Meat to his Sabbath-dinner,—a Dish of hot Milk, and a Dish of cold Milk; and that was enough and enough. Whose Drink was from the Well;—often have I drawn it for him at *Chalfont*!—and who called Bread-and-butter a lordly Dish;—often have I cut him thick Slices, and brought him Cresses from the Spring! Well placed he his own Principle and Practice in
the

1680.

the Chorus's Mouth, where they
say,

*"Oh, Madnefs! to think Use of
"strongest Wines*

*"And strongest Drinks our chief
"Support of Health!"*

So that Story carries its Confutation with it: *Ned Phillips* says so, too. As to what passed, that *July* Forenoon, between him and Uncle *Kit*, before the latter left Town in the *Ipswich* Coach, and with *Betty Fisher* fidgetting in and out of the Chamber all the Time he may, or may not have called us his unkind Children; for we can never tell
what

what Reasons had been given him to make him think us so. That must stand over. How many human Misapprehensions must do the same! Enough that one Eye sees all, that one Spirit knows all even all our Misdoings; or else, how could we bear to tell Him even the least of them? But it requires great Faith in the greatly wronged, to obtain that Calm of Mind, all Passion spent, which some have arrived at. When we can stand firm on that Pinnacle, *Satan* falls prone. He sets us on that dizzy Height, as he did our Master; saying, in his taunting Fashion,—

1680.

“*There*

1680.

*“There stand, if thou canst stand; to
“stand upright
“Will ask thee Skill;”*

but the Moment he sees we can,
down he goes himself!—falls whence
he stood to see his Victor fall! This
is what Man has done, and Man
may do,—and Woman too; the
Strength, for asking, being promised
and given.

FINIS.



October, 1858.

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